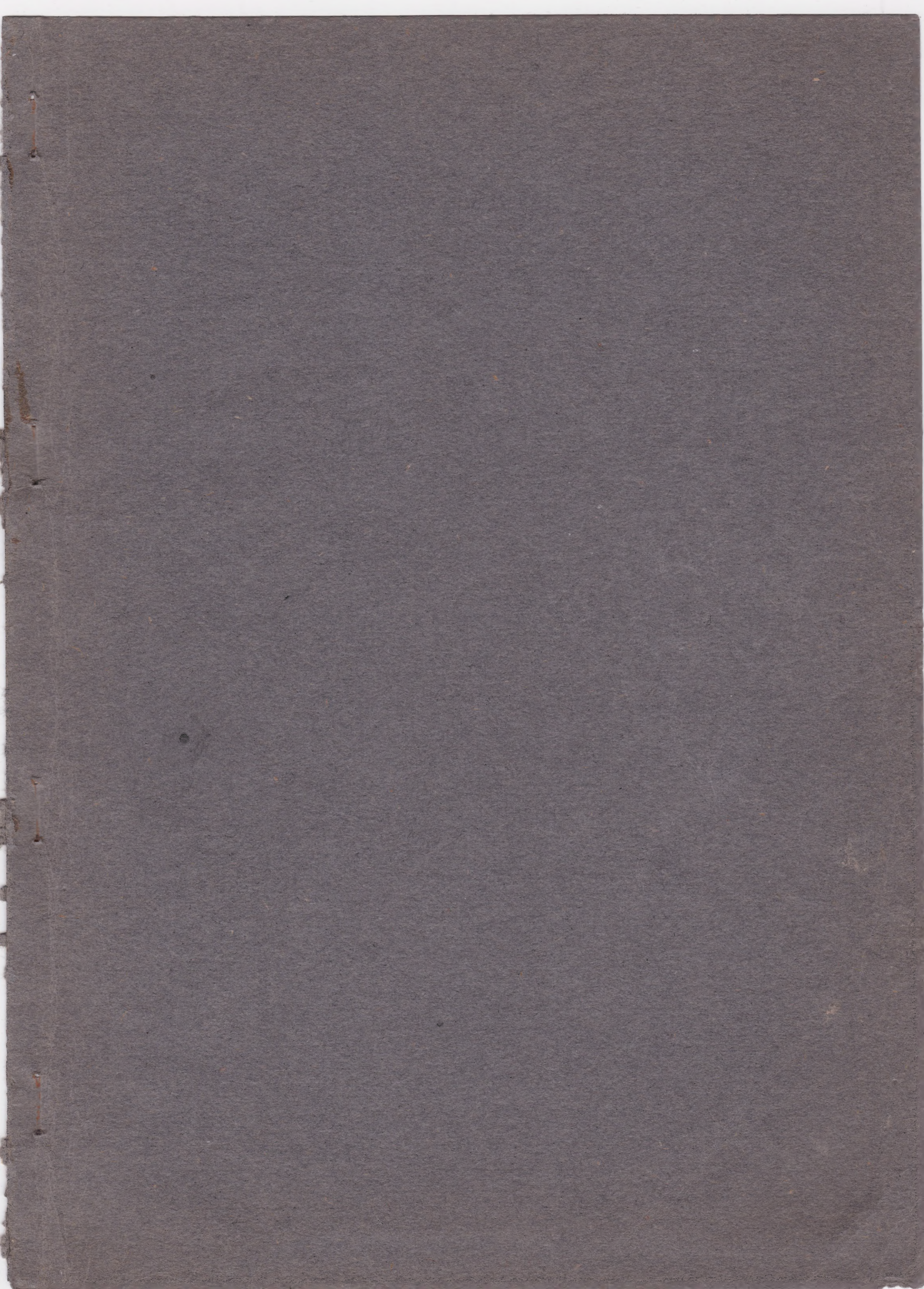


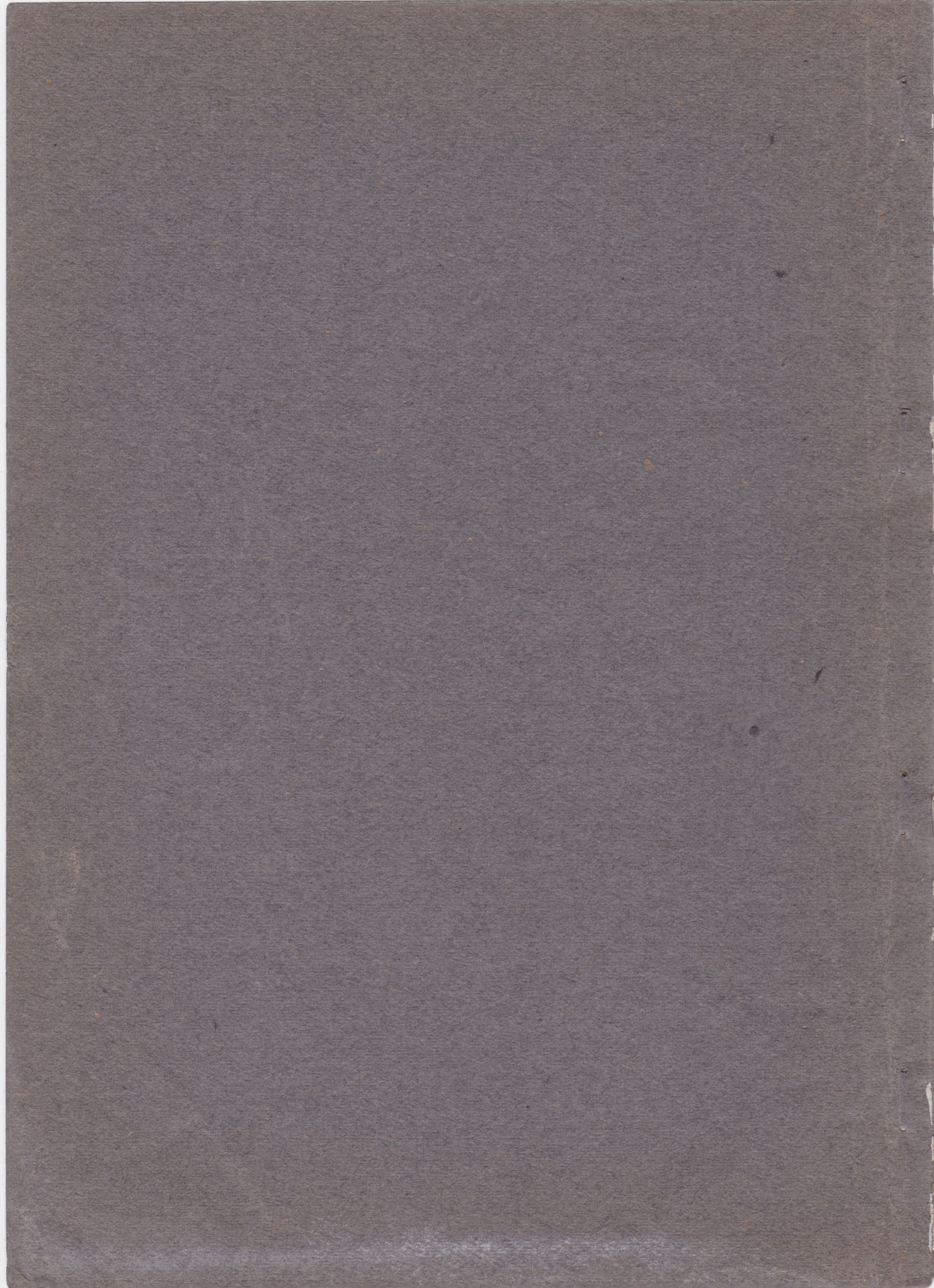
YPSIL-DIXIT

19-20

XXV 100


25-3





Alice J. Beal.
Class of '22"
10.00

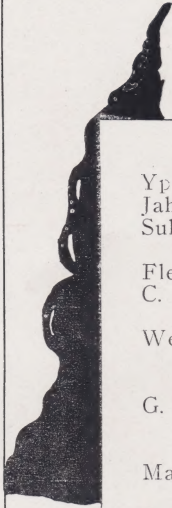


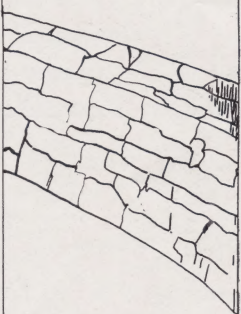




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Dedication

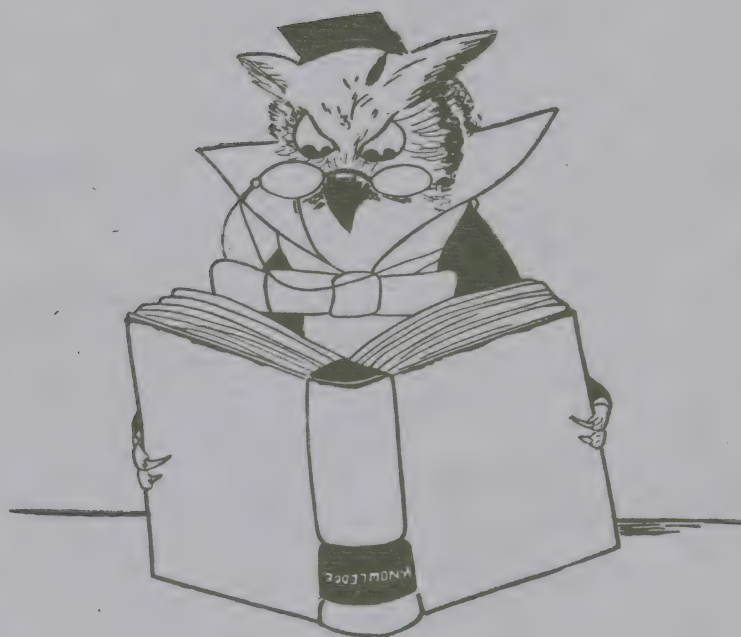
TO WILLIAM B. ARBAUGH who served Ypsilanti High School faithfully and well as Principal from 1898 to 1903, and as Superintendent of Schools from 1903 to 1919—this, the twenty-second volume of the Ypsi-Dixit, is respectfully dedicated.



MR. WILLIAM B. ARBAUGH

"It ain't the guns nor armaments,
Nor the funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.
It ain't the individual,
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul."

KIPLING.



FACULTY Sharnay



The Faculty of the U. H. S.

This poem does not sing of fame
Of Seniors, Sophs, or Freshies tame,
But of a faction great in school,
Who "spare the child and spoil the rule."
This greatest one of all our features,
Take note: It is our honored teachers.

Our superintendent starts the list
With gentle tongue and tender fist.

And next in line is Mr. Piper,
Who in the army was a sniper.

Miss Hardy does discuss equations,
She likes this best of occupations.

"Daddy" Ross is not our foe,
He tells us much of his H₂O.

Miss Hoffman does advise the girls
To on the bureau leave their curls.

Miss Roberts attempts to fill one's pate
With knowledge much of Alex. Great.

Miss Houp instructs in many lines,
In pounding keys, and short word signs.

Miss Murray makes her classes get it,
They learn to debit and to credit.

"Caesar was a mighty man,"
This is our Miss Lidke's span.

In sewing class Miss Swaine is nimble,
In making us all wear a thimble.

Miss Lewis sure knows how to cook,
She makes us learn it from a book.

Mrs. Dewit knows how to paint,
To make things look like what they ain't.

Mr. Walpole, we are sure,
Knows much about agriculture.

The superintendent's better half
Teaches us to sing and laugh.

Mr. Leland, we surmise,
Knows much about good exercise.

In physical training there is no match
To the happy lass we call Miss Patch.

Of knowledge who could have the store
Miss Lich displays in English IV.

In 215 is Miss VanDrezer,
We'd "Parlez vous" all day to please her.

In Algebra we have no fear
When once we take it of Miss Steere.

Miss Geiske sure displays her talents
When bawling out our fine young gallants

Among the list comes Mr. Beach,
To saw, and plane, he well does teach.

We'd think Miss Covell came from Spain,
Her Spanish she pours out like rain.

Now of this rhyme there is no more,
These faces you have seen before.

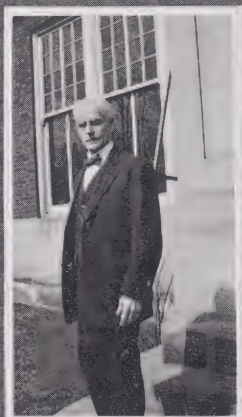
HS



ARTHUR G. ERICKSON
SUPERINTENDENT



ERNEST E. PIPER
PRINCIPAL



DR. FORREST ROSS
CHEMIST AND PHYSICS

IDA E. ROBERTS
HISTORY AND CIVICS



CARRIE A. HARDY
MATHEMATICS





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COTTAGE W.



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DRAWING

JESSIE C. SWAIN
DOMESTIC ART



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DOMESTIC SCIENCE





KATHERINE M. PATCH
PHYSICAL TRAINING



DEYO LELAND
PHYSICAL TRAINING



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MUSIC

SENIORS







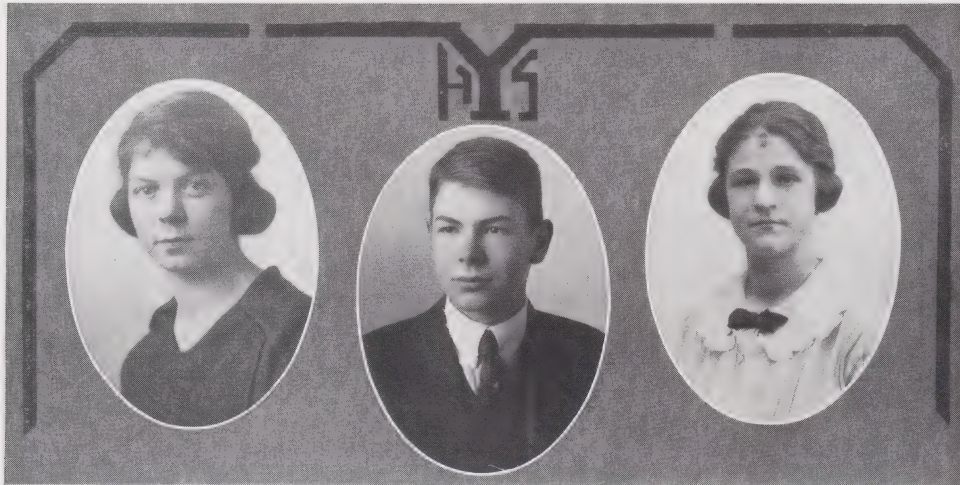
Senior Class Officers

PAUL CAIRNS
President

RICHARD FORD
Treasurer

ARMINA CONVERSE
Secretary

CATHERINE HUTTON
Vice-President



FERN EMERY

A second Jane Addams and a staunch defender of military training.

MARTHA FIDLER

"Mart"—All-school forward. An advocate of Beman's pepsin, and a lover of bills (Bills).

RICHARD FORD

"Dick"—Debater, essayist, orator, mathematician, salutatorian; in fact, a genius.

IRENE SULLIVAN

"Rene"—Joke editor, and well fitted for the position. Likes "guys" pretty well.

PHYLLIS CLIFFORD

"Phil"—Honor student. Has great sympathy with broken legs, and makes splendid cocoa.

ROBERT LUSCOMBE

"Bob"—An ear for music, and an eye for a maid.





SHERWOOD FIDLER

"Fid"—A heart like a hotel register.
Shy and bashful—outwardly.

ORLO GALE

"Ork"—Star basket tosser. Grace
and Frankness are his favorite
qualities.

JOSEPHINE WARNER

"Jo"—A man hater (?) Keeps her
heart in Ann Arbor.

PAULINE SOULE

Native of Centerville. Chief pastime
is reducing.

EVELYN WEINMAN

"Ev"—Does she dance and does she
sing? I'll say she does.

DONALD ROSS

"Don"—Orator, essayist, business
man, military captain—as many
sides as a polygon.





HAZEL STITT

A friend of everyone. A brilliant French student.

JEANNETTE HAMMOND

Famous stenog. Quiet and deliberate, except when writing shorthand.

LLOYD LYKE

Another proud member of the agricultural faction.

ELEANOR EALY

Our foreign correspondent. A shark at "Parlez-vousing."

CORA ARTLEY

Quiet in appearance but who can tell what is beneath the surface.

FRANCES BURRELL

A native of Denton. An admirer of red hair.





ETHEL PETERS

High school beauty. Innocent eyes
and a baby doll expression.

MARY FORBES

Irish from the shoes up. Knows a
great deal about Alexander—
the great.

NORMAN TOPPING

The modern farmer. Dances, sings,
and drives a bus—what more
could you want?

EOLA ZEIGEN

A bit of paper lace—truly a valen-
tine.

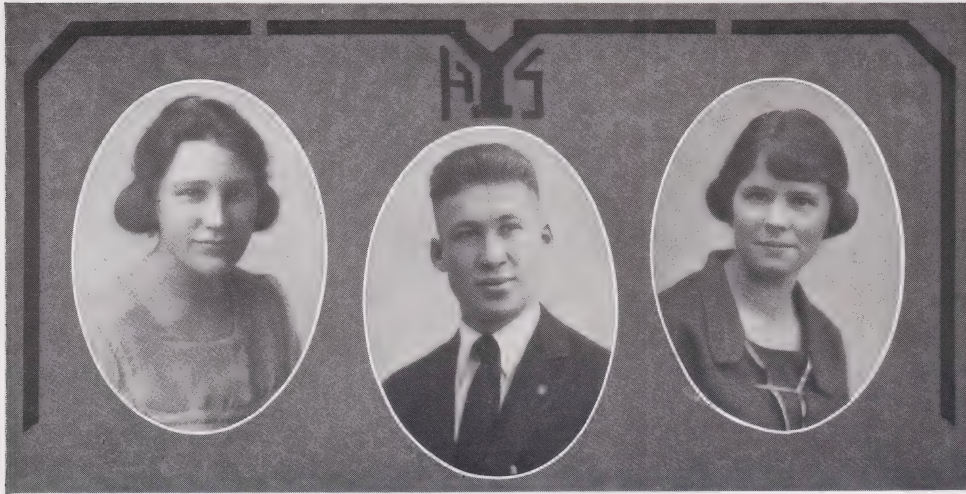
FERN SMITH

Has a fondness for hospitals and
shorthand.

NELSON HORN

Small—but wait till her gets
started.





ALICE REID

"Al"—A fortune in her face. Particularly fond of Bobs.

ARMINA CONVERSE

"Min"—Her favorite name is George. All-school star basketball player. Sings like a bird.

HILARY JEFFERSON

"Jef"—An expert at making wills. A second Ty Cobb.

ROSE PRICE

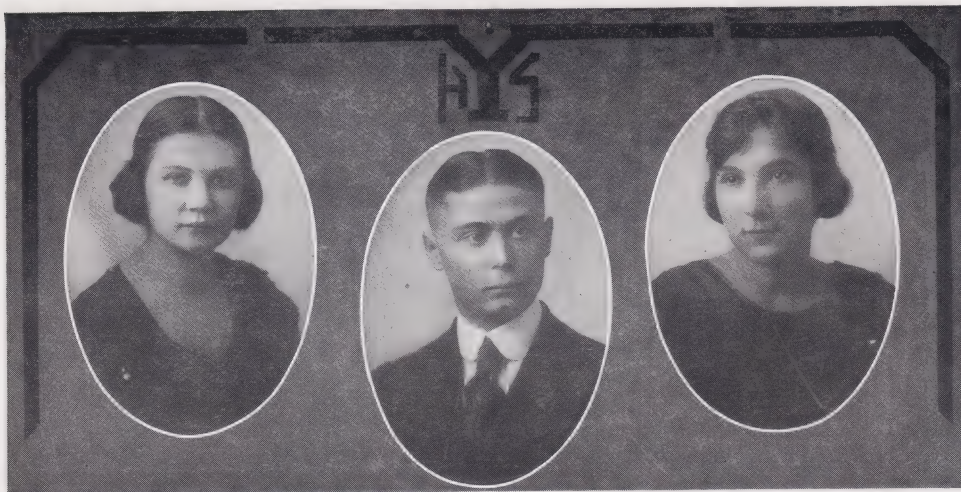
"Rosie"—Possesses a remarkable pair of jaws. Knows every kind of gum on the market.

ANNA BEACH

Fresh from the fashion book.

STANLEY WOODS

Also from Denton. Gained much fame in public speaking.





LEROY GALE

Delights in kidding the long-suffering girls. A good kid in all.

DONALD HARKER

"Don"—An artist of the future. A defender of the D. U. R.

VERA GLEASON

Monopolizer of the I's in French 2.
Loyal senior and fine girl.

LUCILE BOOMER

A peach of a girl. Possessor of a Henry.

CATHERINE HUTTON

The esteemed leader of "Ye Honorable Owls," also of everything else.

DONALD REIMAN

"Don"—Does his best to graft his eyebrow onto his upper lip.





VICTOR CRIPPEN

Small in size, but in brains—oh, my!

LYNN FREEMAN

Imported from Denton. Hair like a sunset.

ALICE DICKS

A model business woman—yet a real girl after all.

ROLAND STRANG

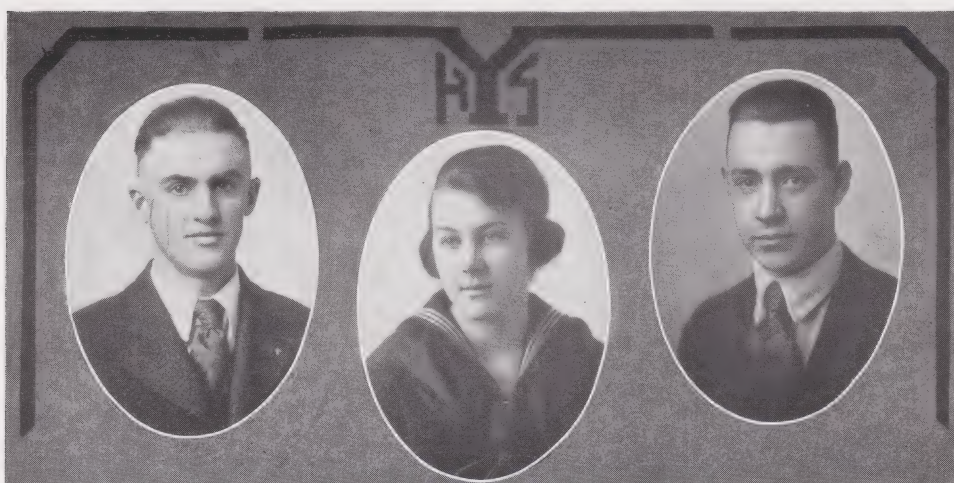
Takes a great deal of interest in sophomores—one in particular.
A fine actor.

SCOTT STURTEVANT

"Scotty"—The senior giant. Very fond of Janes—one in particular.

GLADYS SMITH

Always present at basketball games
—we wonder why.





EVA LINDSAY

"Eve"—A fervant movie fan. Private stenog. of the All-high.

JANE ELDER

"Jinx"—A great admirer of Scott (not Sir Walter).

GUY PEPPIATT

Never got an 1 in his life (?)
Fond of popular music—
especially "Irene."

FRED SIMA

Has a fine truck and likes to take people riding—especially offending member of the class of '19.

ELTON WEST

"Cherry Hill"—Has a great knowledge of confectionery—and Spanish.

ESTHER STACHLEWITZ

A good student and a worthy senior.





LUCILLE HORN

Says little but thinks a great deal.
Her golden hair and blue eyes are
much admired.

MIRIAM MOORMAN

Diligent student and fine girl. A1
French student.

GLEN FREEMAN

A product of the soil. Good judger
—of cows.

FLORENCE SHUART

A perfect contradiction. Has hair
like sunlight, yet belongs to the
order of night birds called
"Owls."

MARTHA STACHLEWITZ

Blond of type and quiet as a mouse
A fine student.

MORRIS KNOX

Faithful and diligent—except when
it is possible to bluff.





JULIA MORAN

Very fond of the Huron river. Swims like a—stone.

RUTH LAFLIN

Pleasant and likable. Queen of the lunchroom.

DUANE CRITTENDEN

One of the victims of the dramatics class.

ELIZABETH BISSELL

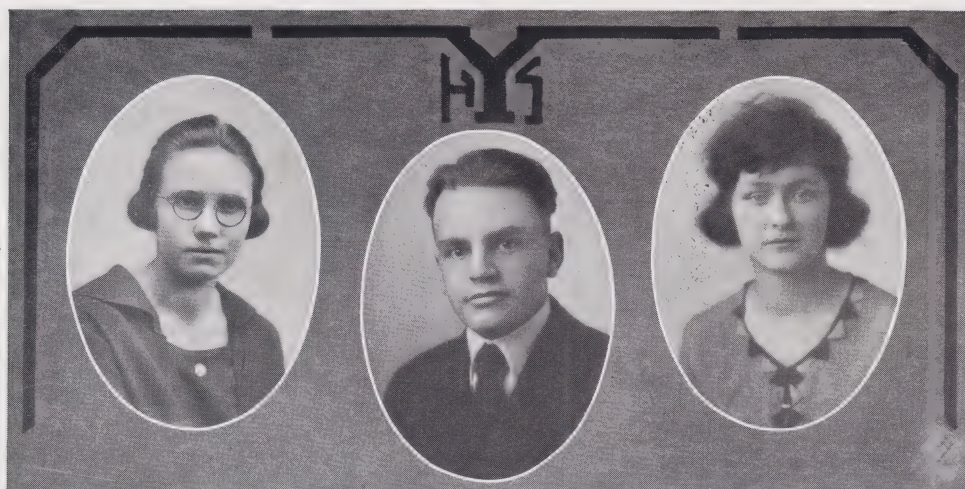
Small and peppy. Fiery hair n'everything.

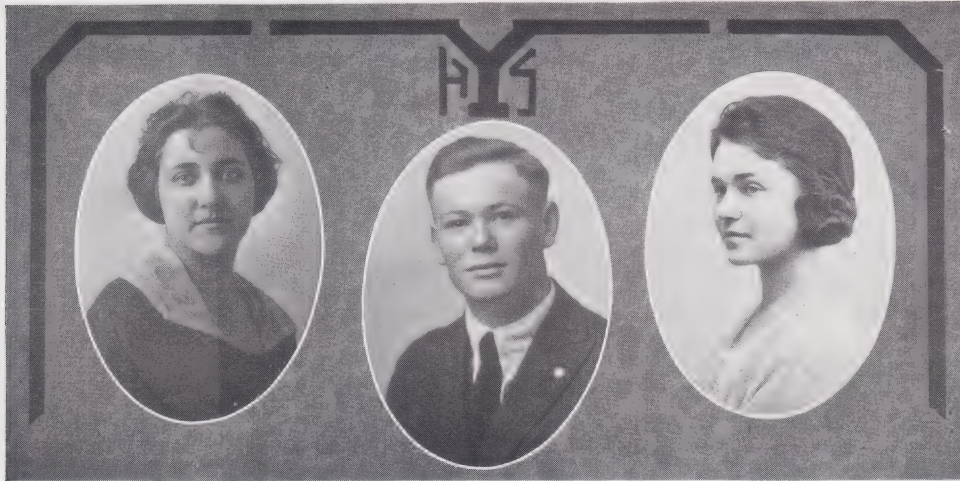
GERALDINE BENEDICT

By her hair she is known.

FERRIS ELLIOTT

"Shorty"—A radical bolshevist. "The short of it."





GWENDOLEN STAIB

A worthy vocal student and a possessor of a pleasing face.

MYRTLE HERTZEBURG

Tickles the piano keys astoundingly. Jass her specialty.

GEORGE BERANEK

Famous football star, and inveterate kidder. Has lately acquired a fondness for blonds.

LENA SMITH

A woman of few words and modest manners—such a rare type.

IDA YOUNG

Diligent and persevering. Enviaible hair and eyes.

INA PETTIS

Small and wiry. Has a mischievous expression.





PAUL CAIRNS

Scotch, even to his temper. Has a fondness for preachers' sons and daughters.

ROTHWELL OWEN

Our "giant" that finished in February.

JENNIE YOST

"By the work of her pen you shall know her." A ripping artist!

CATHERINE WILSON

"A virtuous vamp."

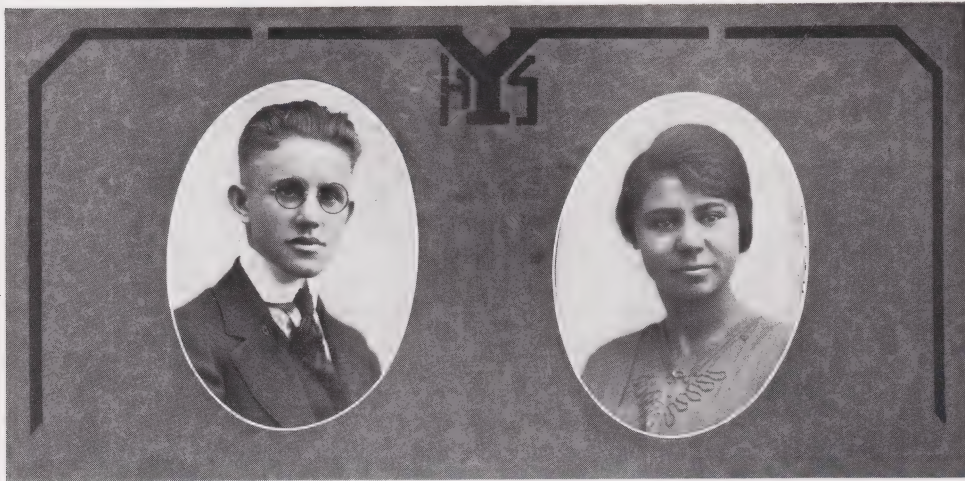
REVA BISHOP

A future Maud Adams—we recall Lady Bracknell in "The Importance of Being Earnest."

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

"Sam"—Plenty of "gray matter." A businesslike manner.





FRANK SCOTT

Gives us one hour a day of his
honorary presence.

LILLIAN BASS

Delightful to know and pleasing to
talk to.

Senior Class Poem

We entered high school, freshmen,
In the fall of old sixteen,
Small, bashful, and excited;
'Tis said we were quite green.
We were indeed a problem
To those instructors dear,
Whose ever faithful guidance
Has steered our courses clear.

As sophomores we did excel
Those who before had come;
We were the only Sophomores
The Loving Cup had won.
We set the goal for the others,
As only our class could do,
For, of all the things we did attempt,
We failed in very few.

Lo and behold! we were juniors,
Our equal—never met;
Our fame was carried everywhere
From our play, "Lest We Forget."
Our social life we cannot slight,
In that we were on top;
Of all the high school parties,
None equaled our J Hop.

We stalked about as seniors;
Indeed,—we were "Gods on Earth."
High, mighty, and important,
We showed them all our worth.
In debating and oration
We placed our banners high,
We worked and pulled together,
With us no one could vie.

Now our high school days are ended;
Too quickly did they pass,
Four years of trials and triumphs
Have followed up our class.
The future is before us,
And behind we leave fond memories
Of our dear old Y. H. S.

MARY FORBES.

Senior Class History

TONIGHT marks the close of our life in dear old Ypsi high. We have had four good years together, the memory of which no one can take from us. We have learned much; we have had our sorrows and hardships as well as our pleasures. Our lessons have been learned not only from books, but from experience as well.

Memories of our freshmen year are so very vivid that we can scarcely realize that it was four years ago when we came, a throng of happy inexperienced children, gorgeous with new hair-ribbons and neckties to Ypsi high. We little dreamed then of what trials and pleasures we were to experience before our goal was won.

We were directed to our session-rooms, often to the wrong ones, for it is, of course, the upper-classman's privilege to gain his bit of fun at the expense of the green freshman, and under the kind supervision of Miss Steere, Miss Laird and Miss Lich we began our high school career.

On October 19, 1916, at our first class meeting we elected Fred Hopkins president; Alice Reid, vice-president; Donald Ross, secretary; Martha Fidler, treasurer, and Donald Knight, sergeant-at-arms, and chose purple and white as our class colors.

Richard Ford, our most famous classmate, was sent as our delegate to the state Y. M. C. A. convention at Lansing. Dick deserves much credit, for he won in that first year second place in the essay contest, a most unusual thing for a freshman.

In the first month of our high school life a reception was given in our honor and it was here that we lost much of our fear and became acquainted with our sagacious and lordly upper-classmen.

We began our second year with Miss Lich and Miss Roberts guiding our wandering footsteps, but as our number was exceedingly large we were transferred to room 221 under Principal Morris' eagle eye. Our increasing dignity demanded great changes this year; many a boy donned his first long trousers, and the girls' skirts took a decided drop.

We elected Richard Ford president; Fern Emery, vice-president; Donald Gospill, secretary and treasurer, and Winfield J. Ball, sergeant-at-arms. Our sophomore year was triumphant, for we walked away with the Loving Cup, offered by the board of education to the class gaining most points in the inter-class contests.

In the fall of 1918 we met in room 205 and elected Guy Peppiatt president; Lynn Freeman, vice-president; Armina Converse, secretary, and Paul Cairns, treasurer. About the middle of this year we lost our honorable Mr. Winfield J. Ball, who chose the ranks of the seniors in preference to ours.

Once more Dick, with his usual aptitude for speaking, made us proud!

He won first place in the extemporaneous speaking contest and also in oration. Catherine Hutton stepped forward to display her ability, and carried off second honors in the declamation contest.

Several dramatic members of our class worked up a play, "Lest We Forget," and presented it to help in the Liberty loan drive.

In our junior year we boasted six of the twelve members of the Sem and Dixit staff, and last, but not least, was the J Hop, the first party to be given in the corridors of the new building.

When September finally came we entered the corridors of Ypsi high as lordly, dignified seniors, envied by the freshmen.

For president we chose Paul Cairns; vice-president, Catherine Hutton; secretary, Armina Converse; treasurer, Richard Ford, and sergeant-at-arms, George Beranek.

The school debating team this year was composed entirely of seniors, the members being Guy Peppiatt, Richard Ford, Fern Emery, and Don Ross the alternate. The team joined the State Debating League, and was victorious over Ann Arbor, Howell and Morenci, but it met its match in Plymouth.

The school's representative in oration was Don Ross, who won first place in the district contest.

On May 14 the faculty gave a farewell party for the seniors, which, though it brought home to us the fact that our goal was almost won, that our days in dear old Ypsi high were almost at an end, was greatly enjoyed by all.

The evening of May 27th witnessed the greatest event of the year, the senior play, entitled, "The Importance of Being Earnest." It was a great success, and we feel sure that in years to come we will hear of Donald Ross, Evelyn Weinman or some of the others in the cast as famous actors or actresses.

This, my friends, is an account of only a few of the many things we have accomplished in our four years here. Besides these we have made many marches with Caesar, we have fathomed the depths of science, and the mysteries of algebra, history and French.

And now, as we stand at the end of our course and look back, we think of the kind help and the personal interest our teachers gave us, and we wish to thank them tonight, and to let them know that we appreciate it.

There are many things which have been poorly done, many things which we wish were different, but we know that we can never hope to go back over those four years, so we turn our footsteps to tread steeper ways, to attain greater victories, and to reach the goal of real success.

FERN EMERY.

Senior Class Will

WE, the class of nineteen twenty of the Ypsilanti high school, in the township of Ypsilanti, county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, United States of America, being of sound health and right mind, with the knowledge that we are about to pass away, do herewith and voluntarily publish this, our last will and testament.

First: We do hereby request Miss Carrie Hardy to sell at public auction all varieties of gum, rouge, powder, cold-cream, "ponies," translations collected in and around this building; and with the proceeds to pay all our debts and funeral expenses.

Second: To the class of 1921 we do give, devise and bequeath the most honored session room in school. The room in which only silence, order and studiousness are found. Also with this room go the right to skip second and fourth roll calls or to go canoeing when it is too hot to study.

Third: To George Haggerty do we give, devise and bequeath the honor of being the best athlete in school. Said honor being held by O. Gale this year. Also will Haggerty acquire Gale's much-honored knee-pads, and we hope he will do them justice.

Fourth: To "Ted" Williamson do we give, devise and bequeath Lynn Freeman's set of physics questions and hope he can find as much use for them as has Lynn.

Fifth: To "Bob" Leland do we give, devise and bequeath Don Ross' fluent gift o' gab so that he won't be so backward in public.

Sixth: To Dorothy Williamson do we give, devise and bequeath the place as best girl athlete in school, held this year by Alice Reid.

Seventh: To Marion Davis do we give, devise and bequeath the reputation of being the quietest and most studious girl in school.

Eghth: To "Doc" Hutton do we give, devise and bequeath a little of George Beranek's nerve so that he won't be afraid to ask Dorothy for a date.

Ninth: To "Cliff" Canfield do we give, devise and bequeath "Dick" Ford's now famous pamphlet, "How to Become An Orator."

Tenth: To the class of 1921 we give, devise and bequeath a mirror to be hung in 209 so that the girls and Ronald Nissly won't have to go downstairs to primp and preen themselves.

Eleventh: To Fred (Bergin) and Helen (Glass) do we give, devise and

bequeath the sole right of monopoly of devotion, said right held by Bob (Luscombe) and Alice (Reid) this year.

Twelfth: To Lyle Judd do we give, devise and bequeath all of Guy Peppiatt's extra credits, in case he should need them.

Thirteenth: To Martha Robbins do we give, devise and bequeath Eva Lindsay's booklet, "How to Get Thin."

Fourteenth: To next year's athletes do we give, devise and bequeath the heartiest wishes for a successful year.

Fifteenth: To the faculty of the Ypsilanti high school do we leave a wish for kindly memories that may outlive any unpleasantness we may have caused them.

Sixteenth: To the citizens of Ypsilanti do we extend our many thanks for the many advantages they have put at our disposition.

We hereby appoint Mr. B. A. Walpole, city of Ypsilanti, in the county of Washtenaw, in the state of Michigan, as executor of this, our last will and testament.

SENIORS.

On this fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty, the senior class of the Ypsilanti high school, in the county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, signed this instrument in our presence and declared it to be their last will and testament, and as witnesses thereof, we do now at their request, in their presence and in the presence of each other, hereunto subscribe our names.

IDA E. ROBERTS.

GERTRUDE I. MURRAY.

Senior Class Prophecy

MY DISMAY at being selected to foretell the more or less illustrious futures of the class of 1920 can hardly be described. Never having had much practice at looking into the future because of the demand of the present, I was at a loss to know what to do. I had heard many marvelous stories from other class prophets, who had found Aladdin's lamp, or some wonderful ring, or a violet ray which portrayed pictures of the future, but none of these miracles befell me, and I at last decided that if I ever was to complete my task something must be done immediately, for it was drawing near to the fateful day when each must behold, through my efforts, a vision of the future.

So, after much thought, I turned to a well-known character of our town, whose ability is known by everyone, and, armed with the customary fee of twenty-five cents, I went to see Black Mary. Black Mary was at home, but seemed rather averse to telling fortunes that day. Had she known the monstrous task I was going to set before her she would surely have refused me on the spot, but being ignorant of my mission, she invited me in, and told me to sit down in the parlor and wait until she finished her work—she seemed especially busy that day. I did as she told me, rather reluctantly at first; but by and by I became quite comfortable, and either because of my over-fatigued brain, which had not rested for so long under the arduous task of trying to portray the future of my classmates, or perhaps owing to the soothing odors which issued from the kitchen, where Black Mary was cooking, I fell asleep.

And while I slept I dreamed. Yes, I dreamed of the future of every one of the members of 1920. Now I am not attributing this dream to any supernatural power. It may have been the prophetic influence of the cottage in which I was sleeping, or it may have been only that my poor brain was so overwrought in thinking of the futures of my classmates, and in dwelling upon them one by one, that my dream was merely a reaction of my brain. The pictures it portrayed to me were jumpy, and shifted from one to another with jerks and with no transition between. Nevertheless, I will try to tell you what lies in store for all of you.

As the objects of the room grew fainter, and consciousness left me, I found myself standing before a large building. Upon turning around I discovered that I was in Ypsilanti, for directly across the street was the old

Central high, still unchanged. I turned back to the building at which I had been looking and found that it occupied the same site as the little store managed and owned by the Peters sisters in old high school days of long ago. The building was magnificent, resembling, somewhat, the high school building directly across the street. Over the door was a great sign which read: "Safe Refuge for Boys Expelled from High School." Right below this sign was a stone tablet, naming the proprietors, whom I found to be George Beranek, Paul Cairns, Scott Sturdevant, and Mickey Horn. I was told by some of the passers that the boys had at last found their life work, and that their only regret was that there had been no such place for them in their high school days.

At this point the scene shifted and I found myself in the high school building. I was standing before an office, which seemed to have been converted from the little room off Mr. Walpole's domain. On the door was printed the word "Private." I dared not enter, but my curiosity was satisfied by a card below which read: "Guy Peppiatt, Attorney for All Crimes of Skipping Committed in the Public Schools." A green little freshman (in 1939 freshmen still looked green) who entered informed me that Mr. Peppiatt was very successful. Not a case escaped his notice and he succeeded in convicting almost all the accused. I was not surprised to hear this, for I remembered his remarkable ability in the Converse-Haggerty case, in which, without even an appeal to the jury, he had succeeded in convicting the criminals of skipping school on a certain February 27th, 'way back in 1920. Naturally, on hearing of Guy, the first person who should next come to my mind was the person who, in high school days, was considered almost his other half, and so I asked the little freshie if she knew Irene Sullivan, or at least someone whose name used to be Sullivan. I was told that, alas! Guy, who, I remembered, always was rather bashful, had not yet gotten up nerve to ask the fatal question, and Irene was waiting patiently for 1940 (leap year), that she might end the suspense.

I was overjoyed at hearing this and was about to go in and congratulate Guy, but the scene suddenly changed again, and I discovered myself in front of a large theatre. I wondered, at first, why I felt so much at home, but the reason soon became apparent, for on a large sign I read: "Forum Theatre. Donald Harker, Manager." Donald, it seemed, drew all his posters; and, remembering Don's ability at cartooning, I was not surprised at the apparent popularity of the theatre. By one of the said posters I was greatly surprised and delighted to see that the Stacklewitz Sisters would dance that night. They were posted as the world-famous blonds, greater than the Dolly Sisters. Their dances were to be accompanied by a famous jazz band, directed by Mertle Hertsburg. Well did I remember Mertle's ability at jazz. While looking over the posters of future engagements I discovered Evelyn Weinman, with her famous cast, including Reva Bishop

and Roland Strang, would soon be at the Forum in "The Importance of Being Earnest." So they were still at it, were they? They say a man always returns to the scene of his crime; hence, the old senior play cast was coming back to the Forum.

Once more my location changed and I found myself before a newspaper stand, and, wondering what was going to happen, I took up a paper and began to read. My attention was soon arrested by a column entitled "Beauty Hints," edited by Ethel Peters. I was about to discover how Ethel in days of old managed to run off with first prize for beauty in the Sem contest, but again the scene changed and I was in a great library. I looked towards the desk and there I saw Cora Artley. Cora's smiling patience must certainly have made her a fine librarian. She told me to look around, for I might find facts about my former classmates.

I went first to the table which contained current newspapers. Almost the first one I picked up confronted me with these headlines: "A Second Governor Ferris for Michigan. Ferris Elliot Walks Off With the Election." I was surprised, but not happily so. This was hardly the future I should have planned for Ferris, with all his dramatic ability. I recalled his great success in "Lest We Forget," and the lines which none of us will ever forget: "Mother, mother, who do you suppose is here? Who do you suppose I found at the station?" But such is the hand of fate—to make a governor out of Ferris, when he could never quite govern himself. I read further and found out that Ferris had selected Jeanette Hammond to be his private secretary. I was glad to hear this, for Jeanette always was a fine stenog., but I could not help fearing that she would vamp Ferris. Jeanette was always good at that, and Ferris was always very susceptible. In the same column it was announced that Lucile Boomer was to be made clerk in the state house of representatives. Lucile's ability as a secretary was tried and tested when she was in high school, and I was sure she would be successful. I hoped for her sake that all the representatives were not married men.

I walked on until I came to an interesting looking corner. A long table was surrounded by students, of about high school age, who were copying rapidly from little books. I asked one of them what they were doing, and for an answer he pointed to the wall, where I saw a sign which read: "Ponies of Latin, English Grammer, and French Classic. Edited by Jane Elder." I learned from one of the students that Jane was the worshipped aid of all struggling high school students and that this was where they spent their study hours. So this was the channel Jane had turned her genius to. I wondered if she had saved any of those from the ones she had used so frequently in high school.

I passed on and was soon arrested by a shelf of books entitled, "Three Day Books." I wondered who had written books so popular that they were

lent only for three days. I picked one up and found the title and author: "Normal Girls vs. High School Girls," by Frank Scott. So Frank was an author. I knew he must have made the best of his opportunities for comparison while doing joint work in the Normal and High School in 1920.

I picked up another book, finding it to be "The Pricelessness of Silence," by Lucile Horn. I well knew Lucile's ability to write on such a theme. I was about to leave when another book caught my eye. The title was a strange one: "How to Grow a Mustache," by Donald Reiman. So Donald had at last discovered the secret—I was glad. I was told by Miss Artley that this book was especially popular with high school boys. Upon inquiring for other of my classmates she informed me that Morris Knox was giving nightly lectures on "Bluffing." They were said to be exceedingly well attended, and I was not surprised, for the ability to bluff, or at least to try to bluff, was a well-known characteristic of Morris'.

I was about to ask more questions, but a drowsiness came over me, and when I next came to my senses I was in a confectionery shop. I felt extremely at home here, especially as the place somewhat resembled Gaudy's, as I remembered it in the old days. A large desk stood at the front with a card tacked to it, to inform the passers that here sat the manager. I thought I should like to take a look at this all-important character, so I walked up to the desk. There, almost lost in a chair, twice his size, sat Elton West. Elton was certainly a great proof of the saying that man's size doesn't count. He had worked up from the bottom, he told me, and his experience in Gaudy's was indispensable, for he had the reputation of making the best chocolate marshmallow, peanut sundaes in the world. I remembered what a favorite Elton's chocolate marshmallow, peanut sundaes had been with us in high school, especially when, contrary to orders, he put more than five peanuts on. I was proud of Elton and thought I had better buy something for a souvenir, so I asked for a stick of Wrigley's spearmint. "Wrigley's Spearmint?" he cried, "Why, no one sells Wrigley's any more. Price's chew is the thing. Why, our old friend, Rose, drove old man Wrigley out of business. She made her gum famous by the clever slogan: 'If you don't know what to do, just spend a cent for Price's chew.'" I thought this a good opportunity to ask about Rose's friend, Anna Beach, and found that she, with her experience at driving a car, was doing all Rose's delivering. They had together organized a large gum trust and were setting things spinning.

Before I could say another word the confectionery shop and all were gone and I was walking through the streets of a large city. The shop windows arrested my eye, for the gowns displayed were simply exquisite. But in a second something besides the gowns caught my eye. Each bore the mark: "Especially Designed by Madame Valentia Zeigen." Could it be our old friend, Eola, I wondered. But a second glance at the gowns assured me, for I remembered Eola's talent in high school days of fixing a

ribbon here, and a flower there, giving an undeniable charm to the gown. I saw that she had dropped the Eola, but that, I thought, was natural, for Valentia always was the more characteristic. I walked on and came to a drug store. The window was especially attractive. On one side sat a woman, minus her crown of glory, and on the other side one with a great frizzle of hair. They had, of course, the usual epitaphs "Before and After Using." A large sign informed me that a great new scientific discovery in hair tonic had been made. This preparation caused hair to grow an inch each night and was called "Forbes' Wonder Worker," being named for the discoverer. Upon inquiry I found the Forbes to be none other than our friend, Mary, as I had expected. Everyone remembers Mary's great trouble while in high school. How one day she would appear with hair hanging an inch below her ears, and how the next day it would be done up with a great knot behind. Mary surely had miraculous hair, and I was glad that she was giving her secrets to the rest of the world.

And so I walked on. Soon I came to a large public dance hall, which reminded me of the Arcadia, to which we were all forbidden to go. I always had a soft spot in my heart for dancing, so I thought I would go in and take a look at the place. I was hardly inside when I saw a sign which read: "Proprietor, Donald Ross." Donald Ross, the proprietor of a public dance hall! Impossible! I was convinced that there must be some mistake, when I saw another sign which took my breath away. It read: "The Rules and Regulations of This Hall Must Be Strictly Observed. All Persons on the Floor Must Keep Six Inches Apart. Our Motto is 'Distance.'" Then indeed I was convinced that there was no mistake. Well I knew the origin of Donald's motto.

I would have liked to take a step or two about the place, but I saw the scene fading from view, and indeed, I beheld a group of tents before my eyes. A close examination convinced me that this must be one of the carnivals such as used to come to Ypsi. A man was mounted on a box in front of the place, attracting the attention of the passers by his yelling. I was about to pass him by when he seized my arm. "Hello, there," he cried, "don't you remember Victor Crippen? I'm head barker here." And sure enough it was Victor. I was not a bit surprised to find him at this post, for well I remembered what a talker Victor used to be. We simply could not keep him still. I congratulated him and asked him if he knew the whereabouts of any 1920-ers. He told me "sure enough," that Sam Richardson was manager of the carnival, and was doing a great business. He was unable to tell me any more, for the crowds were surging about us, so I passed on. I was scarcely inside when I was attracted by one of the side shows. The sign above it read: "Come and See the World Famous Live Kewpie. He Walks, He Talks, He Sings, He Dances." I was interested, as I had never seen a live kewpie, so I entered. My shock can hardly be described when I found this famous curiosity to be none other than Norman Topping. But

I then remembered how Norman was known in high school days for his kewpie-like expression, and I was glad it had won him fame.

After the show I had a word with Norman, and he told me that Eva Lindsay was traveling in the same show, known to be the thinnest woman in existence. So Eva had at last found a good reducer. She was surely to be congratulated. Ina Pettis, I was told, was a snake charmer in the same show. She had the reputation of being able to charm anything in the world—even a man. On my way out of the place I thought I would take a look at the merry-go-round, and there who should I see operating the thing but Stanley Woods. Stanley always did seem to go around in a circle and never get anywhere, even in high school days.

I next found myself in a well-furnished room. I perceived others in a room adjoining, and, not wishing to be discovered in this strange place, I stepped behind a Japanese screen. Suddenly I heard strains of music and a voice started in on "O Promise Me." By its soulful quality I recognized it as that of Gwendoline Staib and decided that Gwendoline's remarkable talent had led her to fame. I began to think I was going to witness a wedding, and, sure enough, the singing ceased and the strains of our old standby, "Loengrin," floated to my ears. I peeped out and saw Eleanor Ealy at the piano. Not being very surprised to see her in this position, I looked about for the minister. There he was, Bible and all, and who should he be but Leroy Gale. I could hardly associate Leroy with this calling, and my surprise was not slight. Just then a whisper went around that the bride was coming down. I looked towards the door, and there, veil, train, orange blossoms and all, stood Armina Converse. I was enchanted. I gazed for what seemed to me hours, when I suddenly realized that I had not yet seen the groom. And I was just about to take a look at him when, presto! the scene faded, and Armina's intended was still a deep mystery; that is, a mystery to anyone who did not know Armina in high school days.

When I became accustomed to my new surroundings I was walking through a large building, an office building, it seemed. I had not gone far when a certain door, with its sign, attracted my attention: "Richard Ford, Professional Bill Collector." The irony of the situation impressed me. I remembered his remarkable talent in extracting classdues from the seniors, and this was surely Richard's calling. I thought I would go in and talk to him for a few minutes if he could spare any of his valuable time. As usual he was cordial and really acted glad to see me. He gave me valuable information concerning others of my classmates. Martha Fidler had started in business with him, but after collecting one "Bill" had retired. Phyllis Clifford, he said, was a nurse. This struck me as queer at first, until I remembered Phyllis' remarkable skill with broken legs. Fern Emery was coaching Ypsi high's debating team. Poor Fern, she seemed destined to argue all her life. I rather pitied her husband—she was, of course, married

to some violinist or other, which was not strange at all, considering Fern's ancient fondness for violinists. Josephine Warner, I learned, was dean of women at the Michigan State Normal college. It was said that she absolutely forbade any association whatever between Normal girls and Ann Arbor boys. No doubt Josephine became well aware of the dangers in such acquaintances while in her senior year at high school. Ida Young was still faithful to the old school and was teaching there as Miss Hardy's successor, while Lilian Bass, never having recovered from her fourth year of English, was succeeding Miss Lich, and Ruth Laflin was running, in a most remarkable manner, the lunch room of the Ypsi high. It was said that Ruth, true to her principle, was selling sandwiches and pickles to the students at any hour in the day. But what pleased me most in connection with the happenings in Ypsi high was hearing that Catherine Wilson was employed at a large salary as advisor and protector of the high school girls, a position so well filled in the days of long ago by Miss Hoffman.

Vera Gleason, Florence Shuart, and Alice Dix were married—Richard said he had often visited at their homes on professional calls.

Having taken up a great deal of Dick's time, I decided I should take my leave. When I was again in the street I saw a large white truck coming my way. As it passed me I noticed on the side "Freeman & Freeman Dairy Farm." I was convinced that the two Freemans were none other than my old friends, Glenn and Lynn. They were no doubt testing some of the scientific methods learned in Mr. Walpole's agricultural class. I next came to the city hall, and, being interested, I entered. On my way down the corridor—my destination was the county clerk's office—I passed an office on the door of which was a sign informing me that here resided H. Jefferson, who specialized in wills and testimonies. Hilary's experience at writing the will of the class of 1920 no doubt was the beginning of his vocation.

I passed on to the county clerk's office. I had no desire to get a marriage license, but I thought I should like to be in the romantic atmosphere. At first glance I recognized the marriage license clerk. It was Orlo Gale. So Orlo was still in the marriage business! He was probably making good use of the experience he had gained his last year in high school. I thought Orlo might be able to give me some valuable information, so I asked him if he knew anything of the old seniors. He laughed and said: "My, yes," that the names of Elizabeth Bissel, Miriam Moorman, Frances Burrell, and Lena Smith all appeared on his records. I hoped they were all happy, as I was sure they must be, for they were all distinctly of the housewife type, even when in high school. I was a little startled to hear that the name of Sherwood Fidler appeared on the records many times. After thinking the matter over I was not so shocked, for Sherwood's inconstancy was a well-known fact in high school.

I also learned from Orlo that Fred Sima was a speed cop in that town, and I surmised that it was for the sole purpose of being able himself to speed all he pleased. Speeding was Fred's chief failing in high school. My conversation with Orlo was interrupted at this point by a customer, who turned out to be none other than Hazel Stitt. It seemed that she had entrapped some young dude and had almost succeeded in leading him to the altar. She seemed to think that, with the license in her pocket, she would be at an advantage, for when she should finally obtain the consent of her victim she would be all ready and leave him no time in which to back out. I admired Hazel's perseverance, and she won Orlo's sympathy by her touching story, so he gave her the license.

While Orlo was busy with other customers I took up a newspaper. Almost the first thing that greeted my eyes was the story of the conviction of Duane Crittenden, noted house burglar. Poor Duane, so he had strayed from the straight and narrow path. He was very likely first led astray when he took, so well, the part of the burglar in the dramatics class play, "Nevertheless." This sad news depressed me and I looked further for pleasanter tidings. The fashion columns were, of course, very interesting. I was shocked to find that a famous authority was advocating, not bobbed hair, but shaved heads, for women. It added that many New York women were following this mode of fashion. The picture of the fashion authority was given, and though I did not recognize the name—a Mrs. Somebody or other—the face I knew at once to be that of Fern Smith. Fern had evidently decided to go one better than Mrs. Vernon Castle.

I looked on and found that a certain theatre was advertising the coming of Paulina Soulouski, noted cellist. The name was embellished, to be sure, but I was convinced that she was no other than our old friend, Pauline Soule, who had gotten her start in the high school orchestra.

Of course, my real object in the newspaper was the "Advice to the Lovelorn." Not that I was lovelorn, but I merely had a ready sympathy for the lovers' quarrels of others. What was my surprise when I found it to be edited by Gladys Smith. I was surprised, and yet thinking it over, I decided that Gladys was indeed very fitted for the position, having had plenty of experience herself. My real surprise was at finding that her name was still Smith, but I hoped it to be for the best. My eye glanced down the column and fell with interest upon the letter of a certain perplexed maiden. It read: "I am now thirty and wish very much to settle down, but it is impossible for me to choose the man. I have so many constantly at my heels that my mind is perplexed. There seems to be something about me that dazzles them. I cannot imagine what it could be unless it might be my hair—" Enough! I read no farther. The possessor of such a charming feature must indeed be Geraldine Benedict, nor was the predicament of her heart at all unexplainable. It was always so with Geraldine—even in high school.

I was about to renew my conversation with Orlo when, with a jerk, the picture changed, and I found myself on the bank of a tranquil stream. I looked about me, and sure enough it was the Huron river. But indeed what was this large building on the site of the old boathouse. It looked familiar and reminded me of the recreation building; indeed I was convinced that they must have moved the recreation to this place. As I was wondering about this I saw a tall man coming towards me, whom I recognized, after some difficulty, as Rothwell Owen. He informed me that he was the founder of the new boathouse, it being a memorial to a certain little inn, with which everyone is probably familiar, which stood so long on the high bank of the river. This well-known little inn had long since fallen to decay, through rough usage, et certera, and Rothwell had raised this building as a memorial to it. I was told that Jennie Yost designed all the canoes, making them famous far and wide, and that Julia Moran was employed as instructor of swimming, in order that all disastrous accidents might be avoided. I thought this was fine, for I know that Julia had special reason to realize the dangers of the Huron. Being fond of canoeing, I thought I might paddle about a little myself, but with a jerk the boathouse was gone, and I was in a quiet little village.

Before me stood a little white cottage, surrounded with flowers. Through a large front window I could see a cosy living room. I envied the people in that house, whoever they might be, and was wondering if my acquaintance included them, when suddenly strains of music floated to my ears. I started, for the touch was unmistakable. Never had I heard anyone play quite that same way. I was sure it was Alice Reid. I stood listening intently, when what should I hear but the unmistakable notes of a flute. The player of the flute needs no introduction. But where was I that I should hear Robert and Alice again? I turned around and on a sign board my question was answered. It read: "The Village of Centerville. Welcome."

Gradually the sign faded and I awoke with a start. I did not know where I was at first, but I soon realized that Black Mary stood before me inquiring what I would have.

I was very much embarrassed at first, for it was evident that my bewildered brain had done the job better, at least more fittingly, than even Black Mary could do it. So, in my confusion, I told her I had come to have my fortune told. She bade me sit down and took my hand. For a few minutes she gazed at it, her brows knit together, then she dropped it in disgust. "Lausy me, chil'," she said, "you ain't got no fortune. You'se gwine to be an ol' maid." And I am beginning to think that Black Mary was right.

And so I have given you your futures, exactly as they came to me in my dream, and dreams are dreams. The truth of my statements only time can prove.

CATHERINE HUTTON.

Class Song

Here's to our colors, the Purple and White,
 Waving proudly o'er all;
They have always brought us pride and delight
 In winter, spring and fall.
Through all four years of our high school career
 We all have fought and won;
We have never lacked for patience and cheer,
 And our strife will ne'er be done.

Chorus—

Hurrah, hurrah, for the Purple and White,
 Hurrah for Ypsi High!
Here are the days that we'll never forget,
 Though many years go by.
Our teachers, friends, also classmates so dear,
 We have fond thoughts of you,
Which we will cherish through each coming year;
 To you we bid adieu.

The Senior Play

REVERTING to the old-time custom of giving one play from which the Seniors of '19 departed, the class of '20 presented a three-act play, "The Importance of Being Earnest," at the Forum theatre Thursday evening, May 27th, at 8 o'clock.

Since the Senior play is the climax of our high school career it is easily to be seen how "Important" it was and how "Earnestly" we worked in order that it might be a success.

This wonderful success was due to four weeks of untiring effort on the part of the cast and coach and also to the splendid manner in which the entire class backed it up.

When it comes to fine acting there can be no doubt as to the ability of the participants. Take, for instance, the wonderful manner in which Don and Dick depicted the character of English gentlemen. The only suggestion we have to make is that Dick take a few more private lessons from Catherine. We are quite sure that, with the practice he has had, Don will be less likely to have a "severe chill" the next time he places himself in that "semi-recumbent posture!"

Any suggestion as we made to Dick we realize would be entirely out of place in the case of Irene and Guy. We are quite sure that they had had several rehearsals of the latter part of the third act besides those given under Miss Straub. After what Dick said we hope Catherine and Evelyn will not call each other "sister," for we realize that when this happens "they have called each other many other things before."

As for Reva—well, if we were Bunbury, and Bunbury came under the stinging lash of that tongue, we should "act under proper medical advice," also.

Don Harker and Roland Strang make excellent butlers, but we fear that if Eola ever adopts such a "utilitarian occupation" some society chap might marry beneath his station in life.

Cast

John Worthing, J. P.	Donald Ross
Algernon Moncrieff	Richard Ford
Rev. Canon Chasuble, D. D.	Guy Peppiatt
Merriman (Butler)	Roland Strang
Lane (Man Servant)	Donald Harker
Lady Bracknell	Reva Bishop
Gwendolyn Fairfax	Evelyn Weinman
Miss Prism (Governess)	Irene Sullivan
Cecily Cardew	Catherine Hutton
Maid Servant	Eola Zeigen

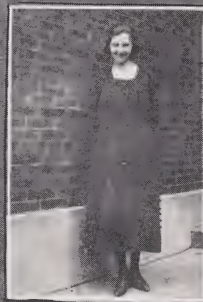
Coach, Miss Straub



AUSTRALIAN
LOVE BIRDS



RAIL BIRDS



A. WALL FLOWER(?)



SQUIRREL FOOD



WATERFALL
HAWKING

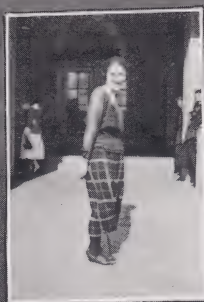
1920



DICK THE
DEBATER



MORE SQUIRREL FOOD



K-K-K-KATTY



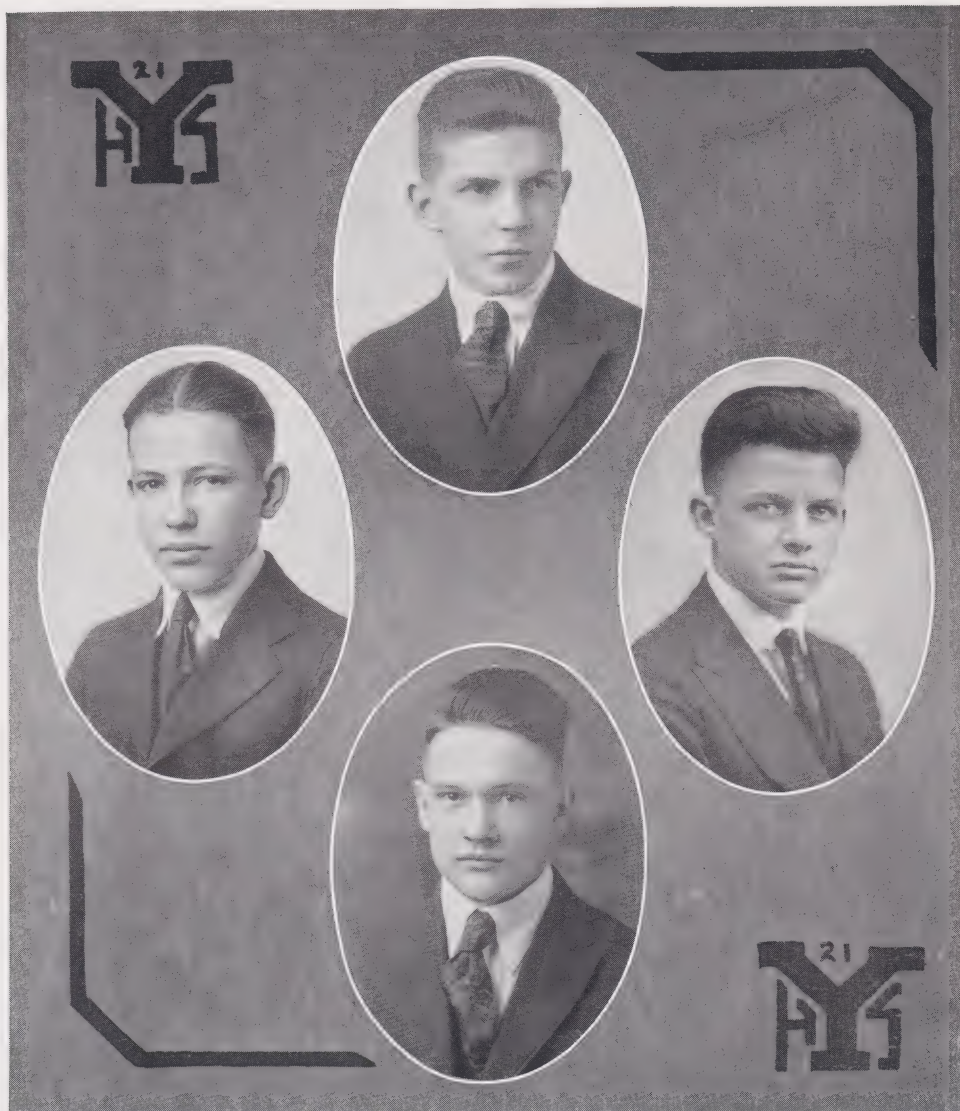
HISTORY SHARKS



LOVE ME LOVE
MY DOG.







Junior Class Officers

GLEN EMERY
President

ROBERT PERRY
Secretary

GEORGE HAGGARTY
Treasurer

AUSTIN PERRINE
Vice-President



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Poem

It is with the most sincere regret that I have no better material for the Dixit than this, but as my time was limited I found it necessary to write the first thoughts that entered mind.

ALAN WITHERSPOON.

MY DREAM

1

I had a dream last night, old chum,
Of all our schoolmates dear.
You would feel glad if you had had
The dream I'll relate here.

2

I saw Aus' Perrine, a general bold,
And Haggerty, a judge.
Here's Doris Hubbell in a fix,
She spoiled a batch of fudge.

3

Here's Morgan Wiard flush with coin,
And Esther Field his queen.
I saw old Nissly down and out,
Stretched full length on the green.

4

I saw our Marion Davis,
First lady of the realm,
And Donald Yost, our noisy friend,
A-holding down the helm.

5

And here is Leonard Rieman,
A pirate fierce and cruel.
I saw our friend, Prince Alban,
Astride a poor old mule.

6

Again I saw Bob Perry
Singing in heaven's choir,
And little Glen—it hurts to tell—
Is feeding pits of fire.

7

Here's Rol Perrine—a bachelor, boys,
And Crittenden, a monk.
I saw Lyle Judd, a rich man now;
He's manufacturing bunk.

8

The awakening came too sudden,
My dream was gone to smash,
But again in rhyme, at some sweet time,
I'll spill the rest of this trash.



JUNIOR



Fritz
the
Second



Ft Cobb



SNAPS



G B
Boy



Big Business



A wild (?) Party



COOLING OFF



HAVE A HEART



FAVORITE
OCCUPATION



SOPHOMORES





Sophomore Class Officers

ROBERT BROWN
President

WILFRED VAN EVERY
Secretary

KARL ZEISLER
Treasurer

AMY HOPKINS
Vice-President



SOPHOMORE CLASS

History of Class 1922

WHEN, as freshmen, we made our social debut on a certain night in October, 1918, what an extraordinary and amusing spectacle some of us made. Yet, when some of the freshness had worn off, and we settled down to a year of hard work, what a change occurred.

Our attention was first turned to the inter-class contests in which we made a brave showing.

On failing to "consolidate" with the juniors we were mercilessly trammelled by the soph-senior combine, but were able to retaliate later as some members of the class of '19 can testify.

Basketball was next on the program, and it was not lack of spirit that led to our defeat but rather the lack of training, so apparent in first-year classes.

Our real opportunity to show our prowess came when we entertained the school with a party and a chapel exercise. In the fresh-soph debate we led the '21 team a lively chase, but were unable to conquer.

When we returned this year we were determined to make the old fight with a new spirit. Our class activities have been handicapped, due to the fact that only a few opportunities for class meetings were available. For the second year we have been under almost the same officers. Again we repeated our first year success in social affairs.

The class of 1922 does not claim to be the best class in Ypsi high, but we do intend to accomplish things that will keep our memory alive after we leave this institution.



MODE/CHILD(?)



TREE TOADS



POSING!

SOPH.



BASKET BALL
STARS.



JAW BREAKERS!!!



PENNY FOR
YOUR THOUGHTS.

SNAPS

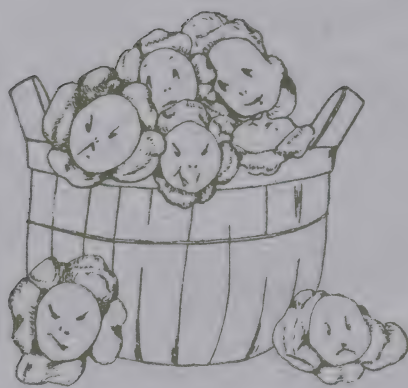


FISHING (?)



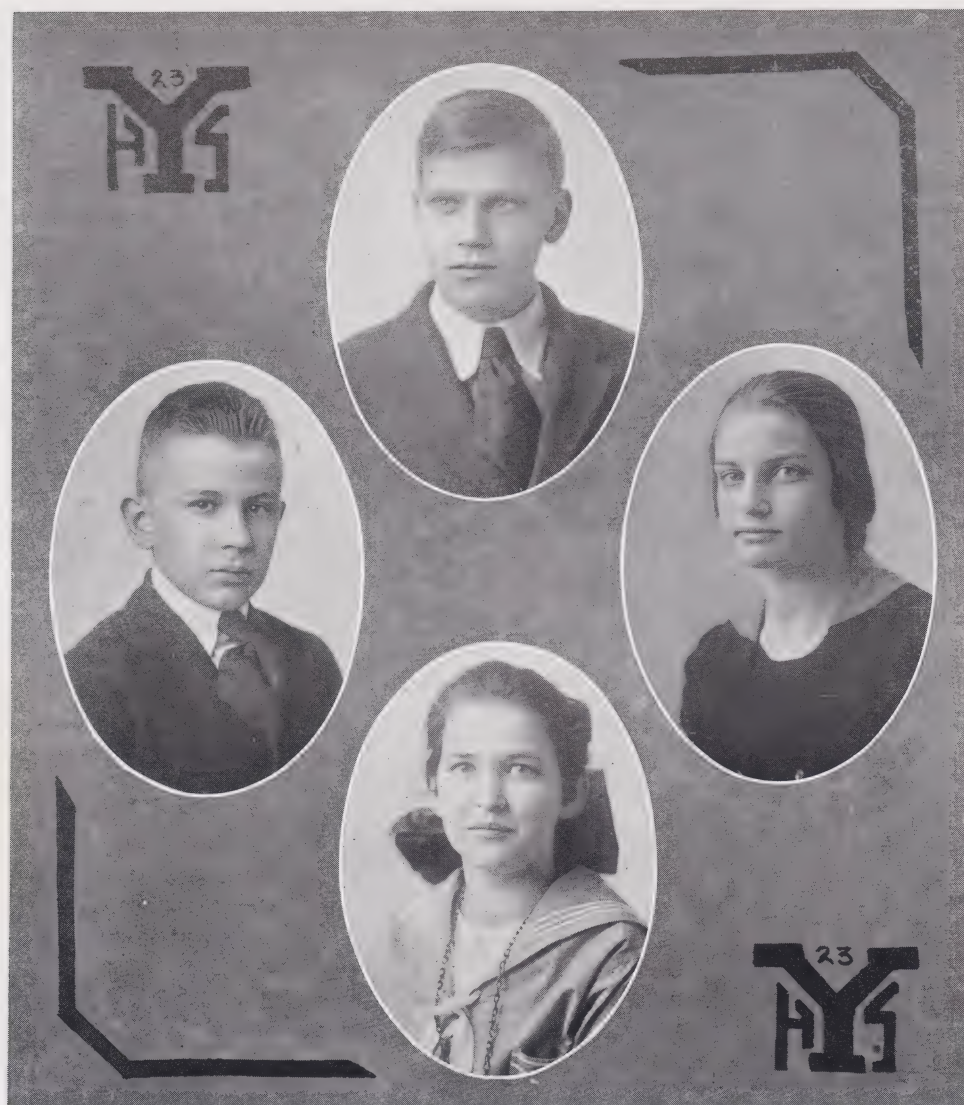
THIS LITTLE PIE GOES TO
MARKET—





FRESHMAN





Freshman Class Officers

THEODORE HORNBERGER
President

WILLIAM HAYWARD
Secretary

KATHERINE BOSS
Treasurer

MARGARET MEANWELL
Vice-President



FRESHMAN CLASS

Class of '23

WE, the class of '23, have finally finished our freshman year. Since we first entered this building in shivering, wide-eyed groups we have come through with high honors.

The first really exciting thing that happened to us was the freshmen reception. The freshmen party was also a great success and everyone enjoyed themselves (we hope!)

In the inter-class contests we were not very successful. In the pronunciation contest we received third place, and in the spelling contest second, Theodore Hornberger being the star. In the declamation contest we had no chance against Martha Robbins, the oratorical sophomore, but Robert Leland was certainly deserving of the second place that he received.

Last, but not least, comes the athletics. The freshmen girls carried away the highest honors among the girls' basketball teams. The freshmen boys' team received third place among the boys' teams.

This year our class officers have done their duty and they are as follows: Theodore Hornberger, president; Margaret Meanwell, vice-president; William Hayward, secretary, and Katherine Boss, treasurer.



FRESH

SNAPS







General Organizations

THERE are organizations of every kind in Ypsi high, and each one has its place in school life. It would require pages and hours to tell what each has accomplished this past year. And since we are limited on both, one page and one hour (?) this will have to suffice.

During the school year 1919-1920 two new clubs were added to those of the preceding year—the Roosevelt Club and the Owls. The former, in a way, took the place of the Adelphi, a debating society for boys. It originated shortly after Roosevelt's death, and, with Mr. Piper as leader, flourished for some time. However, we regret to say that during the last semester nothing was heard from it and we are afraid that it no longer exists. The Owls is a girls' club, formed for the purpose of debating—and having a good time. Many long arguments concerning the peace treaty, school dances, and so forth, were delivered in the presence of Miss Roberts, its faculty member.

Besides these new ones there were the Senate, Cercle Francais, Agricultural Club, Chorus, Campfires, and the Athletic Association. The Senate, of course, was as important as ever—mostly seniors who spent their valuable time settling all matters of state-wide interest. The Cercle Francais came into prominence under the leadership of Miss Van Drezer. The support of their French orphan led them to sell sandwiches, pop-corn and candy at the games and even in the corridors. The Athletic Association worked wonders with Ypsi's athletics—a real football team, basketball, baseball and swimming meet. Because of the exceptionally good sale of athletic tickets the association was enabled to buy the boys new basketball, football and baseball suits. During the year they also gave a banquet which was well attended.

The Campfires seem to have sprung up again. Last year, for various reasons, they did not appear as strongly as before; but this year they have grown to normal size again. There are four good-sized groups—Tionesta, Nadu-Wini-Sipi, Tatapochon, Anneah. One of the important events of the year for the girls was the campfire supper.

The Chorus, under Mrs. Erickson's direction, gave an Easter oratorio in assembly. At Christmas time they gave a very pleasing program at the Baptist church.

Perhaps the Sem staff should not be included under organizations. But just a word about it—how they worked and worried over the Sem and Dixit. Although they were often divided concerning covers, pictures, colors, etc., etc., their discussions never ended disastrously, and now that it is completed they heave a deep sigh of relief and say "Done until next year!"



Owls

THE Owls Debating Club had its first birthday this year. With the entrance of Women's Suffrage there arose a need for developing the argumentative powers of women. A few girls who were interested realized this need, and under the guidance of Miss Roberts brought the Owls into existence. The name of the organization is an unusual one. As many know, the owl is the symbol of Athena, the goddess of wisdom. It was from this source that the club obtained its name. We have stood for the encouraging of interest in debating among the girls, and thus far have succeeded. One of our members was on the famous school debating team. As this organization boasts a majority of seniors it is for the under-classmen to carry on the work we have started, and owing to the great incentive this club offers we are sure that the Owls' second birthday will be even more celebrated than its first.



Boys' Glee Club

UPSILANTI high school has had many successful boys' glee clubs in the past, but the club of 1920, speaking as in regard to the length and quality of service, has in no way disgraced the record. The organization was inactive last year, due to the lack of leadership. However, having an exceptional director in the person of Mr. Jesse Crandal, there was nothing that could keep the B. G. C. down this year. About December, 1919, the club organized and elected the following officers: Robert Luscombe, president; Orlo Gale, vice-president; Nelson Horn, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Homer La Gassey of the M. S. N. C. was the accompanist and assistant director. The club gave up its work in March because of the numerous other activities that were occupying the members' time.

During the period that things were alive the Glee Club sang at assemblies, at a parent-teachers' meeting, and at numerous other places. The active membership consists of R. Luscombe, D. Harker, R. Nissly, R. Brown and G. Stitt (basses); E. West, G. Coules, N. Horn and M. Wiard (baritones); L. Judd, D. Crittenden and D. Ross (second tenors); L. Roberts, N. Topping and O. Gale (first tenors).



CHOIR



The Agriculture Club

IN the fall of 1917 there was organized in Ypsi high the pioneer high school agriculture club in the state of Michigan. That handful of charter members, with Gordon Gill as president and Mr. Walpole as faculty advisor, worked and hoped to make their organization a real success. Gradually the club developed into a strong organization of boys and girls. The interest was kept up and the school year of 1917-18 saw the club carry through a successful group of members.

During the next school year all organizations were given up to carry on the far greater work of the war.

Last fall the club reorganized, filled up the vacancies left by graduated members and set out on a year's program. With Glenn Freeman as president the club has kept up its life and activity throughout the past year, and its members feel that they have realized in a great many ways the ambitions of the charter members whom Mr. Walpole gathered together in 1917, and also that they have shown Ypsi high and the state of Michigan that an agriculture club can live in high school.



TATAPOCHON CAMP FIRE



TIONESTA CAMP FIRE

Tatapochons Campfire

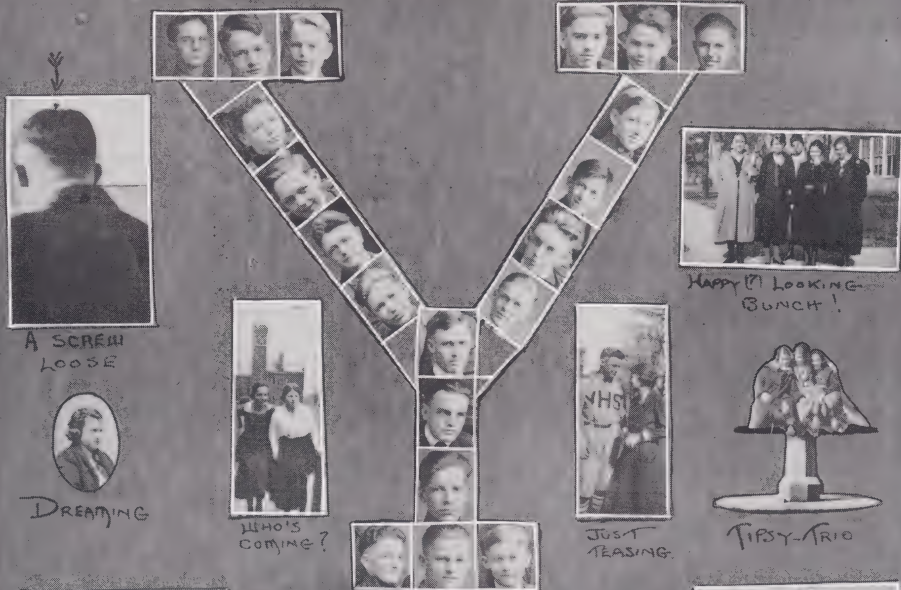
OUR circle was organized in March, 1919. We have thirteen members, an unlucky number, but with our guardian, Miss Steere, we are able to succeed in everything we tackle. We have our weekly meetings, which everyone enjoys—because there are generally eats. Of course, we have our work, for it is the custom to have work before play. At Christmas time we packed baskets for the poor and during the year we have sewed and made scrap-books for the hospitals. At our ceremonials many beads have been awarded for honors won. Five of our members have attained the rank of wood gatherers and are working hard to become fire-makers.

Tionestas Campfire

WE of the Tionesta have had a most successful and enjoyable year. We have been on picnics, had parties and suppers. We are very sorry, especially since we have such a nice start and love our campfire work so, to hear that our guardian, Miss Katherine Patch, who has promoted our campfire, is going to leave us next year. And we wish to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the interest that she has taken in our work. With the other campfires of the city we are going to Sand Lake, where two acres of ground have been rented for a week right after school.

Nadawini-Sipi Campfire

THE oldest campfire in high school! And two years ago we were the youngest! Our number has remained about the same—there are thirteen of us, including our guardian, Mrs. Lamb. In August of the year 1919 nine of us went camping at Base Lake, where we hiked, swam, motored, etc., etc. During the year we have made scrap-books and sewed for the hospital. We expect to go camping with the other campfires of the city at Sand Lake.



SAME OLD STORY



CERCLE FRANÇAIS



"FRIENDS"



YOU KNOW ME "AL" -



LIVES OF GREAT MEN -



DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT - BUT



TURTLE-DOVES



PAIS



IT'S DURN UNSATISFACTORY





LITERARY



Interscholastic Literary Contests

WITH great promise and high hopes we started the year's work in the literary line. Ypsilanti high school had hopes of carrying off high honors in declamation, oration and debating contests.

Debating was the first activity that gained our notice. Our school was entered into the Michigan State Debating League with the goal of state championship before us, and almost as soon as the year opened Mr. Piper called for students to try out for the teams. Seventeen names were entered but only nine were present for the preliminaries. It was first decided to have two teams, an affirmative and a negative, but this was finally changed to one team which would stand ready to debate either side. But as it happened our team always advanced the affirmative arguments of the league question, "Shall Congress Adopt Some System of Universal Military Training for Able-bodied Male Citizens Between the Ages of Eighteen and Twenty-five?" Those on the team were Fern Emery, Richard Ford and Guy Peppiatt, with Donald Ross as alternate.

Two private practice debates were held with Plymouth, and then on January 9th the season opened. The Ann Arbor team was the first victim. Our trio easily held the enemy and rejoiced in a unanimous vote for the affirmative.

Howell fell next, the decision again being unanimous.

Thus far all debates had been held at Ypsilanti. Our team was anxious to try its powers of persuasion on a strange audience. Accordingly arrangements were made with Morenci, our next opponent, to meet them on their own floor. On February 6th our team journeyed to Morenci and took that team's measure in a 2 to 1 decision for the affirmative and Y. H. S.

With the Plymouth debate Ypsilanti dropped out of the run for the state championship, but not without a little gain, for the debaters have training and we have more school spirit. Some of Ypsi's opponents may have equaled her in constructive speeches, but all were easily drowned by her in rebuttal, for in this Y. H. S. gloried beyond relating.

Toward the close of the year one last debate took place with Royal Oak in which Ypsilanti again overwhelmed the enemy and took first place. Thus

the debating season of the year 1919-1920 closed with four wins out of five starts and three of those unanimous.

Remembering it was Ypsilanti's first try in the state championship, we may readily say it was successful.

Our school also entered the state oratorical and declamation contests. Donald Ross represented our school in oration, winning first place at Ypsilanti in the sub-district contest and first place in the district contest at Owosso, thus earning a chance for a try at state championship in the final contest. This is to be held the latter part of May—after the Dixit goes to press. The subject of his oration is "Roosevelt—An Ideal." Martha Robbins, with her declamation, "Lincoln—A Man Called of God," won first place at Ypsilanti and second place at Owosso. Both these contestants deserve much credit for their hard work in behalf of the school.

It is safe to say that all who have reviewed these activities will join with us in vowing that Ypsilanti high school has won much credit in the inter-scholastic literary activities.





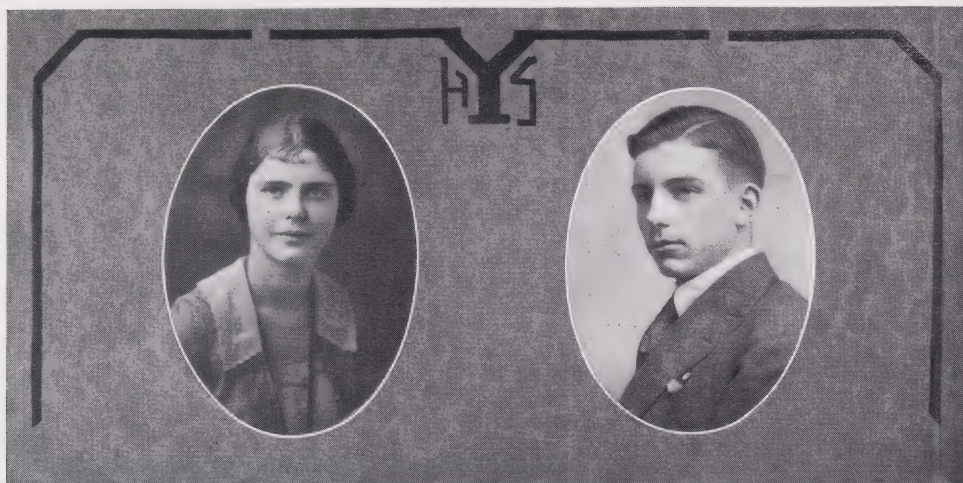
Debate Team

From left to right: Fern Emery, Guy Peppiatt, Richard Ford, Mr. Piper, coach.

Oration

MARTHA ROBBINS
School Declaimer

DONALD ROSS
School Orator



Interclass Literary Contests

UPSILANTI high started off with all possible spirit in the inter-class contests this year. At the beginning all the classes were equal in the race for the Board of Education cup, but by the first of November this equality of standing was broken when the pronunciation contest took place. This contest, an innovation in Y. H. S., was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. The five hundred words to be pronounced were posted several days before the contest and those who were to be participants worked very hard with their dictionaries, in order to gain honor for their respective classes. The juniors won first and second places, with R. Wyckoff and E. Field standing to the end. The sophomores took third place.

The spelling contest followed next, resulting in the juniors capturing first and third places and freshmen second. R. Wyckoff again stood champion for her class.

The extemporaneous contest was carried off by Richard Ford for the seniors. The juniors and sophs divided honors for second place, with G. Haggerty and K. Zeisler standing for their classes.

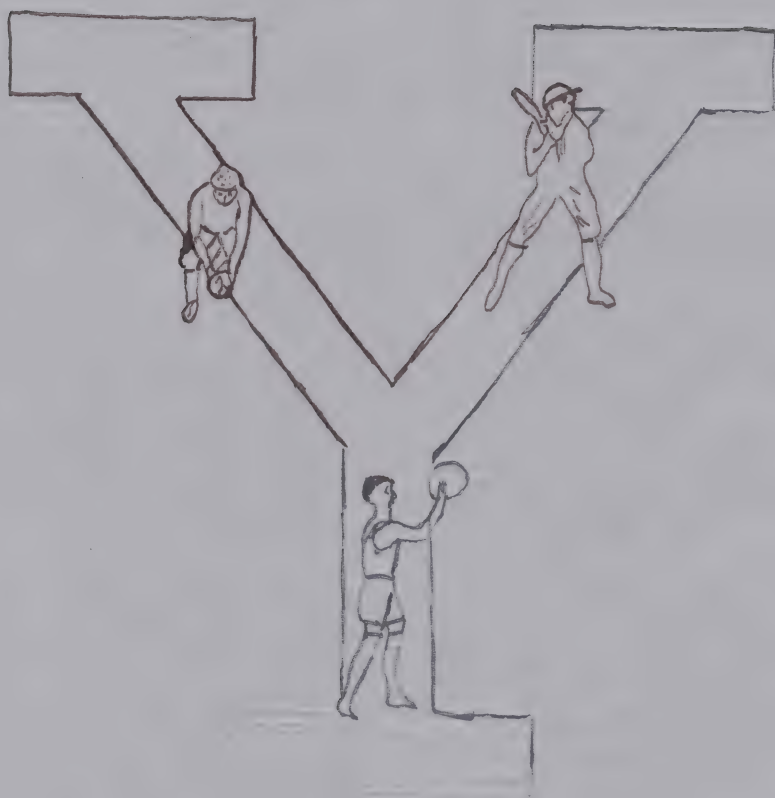
After this contest there was a lull in activities owing to the influenza and the football and basketball games. Along in March the juniors and seniors clashed in an oratorical contest and the freshies and sophs in declamation. Don Ross spoke for the seniors and L. Roberts for the juniors. By a close score—a margin of two points—the juniors were again given a chance to add to their already huge contest rating. M. Robbins easily won the declamation contest from the “peppy” but inexperienced freshmen, R. Leland, M. Kirk and T. Hornberger.

The essay contest brought up the hardest found decision of all, for the fact that each judge gave first place to a different contestant, and the decision had to be taken again by other judges. The three writers, C. Hutton, E. Field and K. Zeisler, represented the three upper classes respectively. Even in the end the decision had to be taken in percentages, which gave to the sophomores first place, the seniors second, and juniors third.

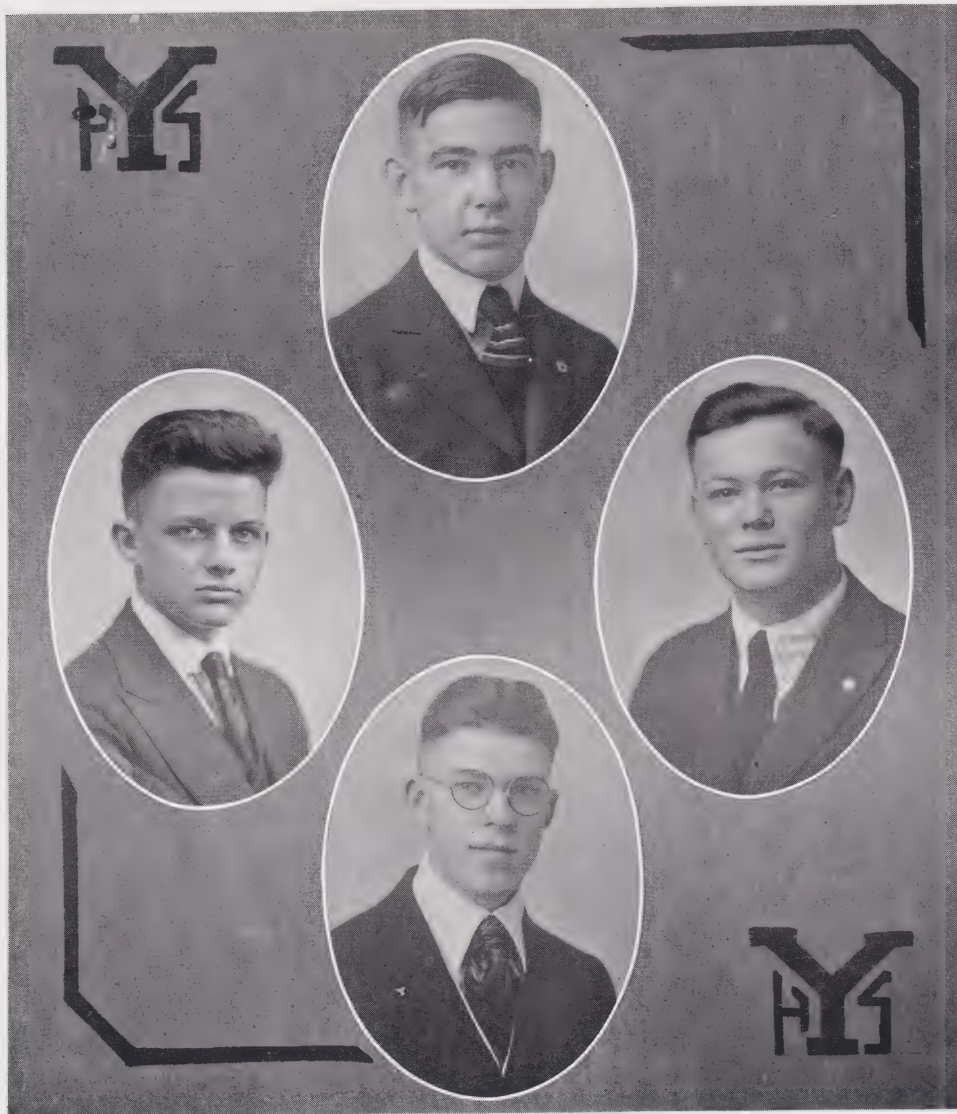
There were no debating teams this year, as all time was spent on inter-school debates.

The standings for the Board of Education cup at the time when the Dixit goes to press are as follows:

	Freshman	Sophomore	Junior	Senior
Pronunciation.....	0	1	8	0
Spelling.....	3	0	6	0
Extemporaneous.....	0	4	4	5
Oration.....			10	0
Declamation.....	0	10		
Essay.....	0	5	1	3
Boys' Basketball.....	1	3	5	0
Girls' Basketball.....	5	1	3	0
Boys' Swimming Meet.	2	5	1	0
	12	29	38	8







Athletic Association

FRED HOPKINS
President

GEORGE HAGGARTY
Secretary

GEORGE BERANEK
Vice-President

PAUL CAIRNS
Student Manager



FOOTBALL TEAM

Football

Y H. S. opened the 1919 football season with six letter men and five reserve men on hand. From the first it looked like a successful season, and as the contests were met and passed our hopes were in no way shattered. The first game ended with a zero to zero count, but nothing can be expected from the opener. It was the first opportunity the coach had of seeing his men work under fire and consequently numerous players were used.

From then on it was victory after victory. There was one exception, the biggest game of the season in which Y. H. S. held the Detroit Eastern marauders to a tie score. This game was by all means the best and most exciting contest our team played. It was at this time that Williamson, star tackle, received the injury that prevented his playing during the remainder of the year.

The fracas at Port Huron, though ending adversely, was not the disgrace to us that it was to the opposing team. This was the only game that our gridiron warriors lost and that was forfeited.

The "Y" men are: E. Allen, G. Beranek (captain), L. Gale, O. Gale, G. Haggerty, F. Hopkins, M. Knox, R. Luscombe, C. Lynn, R. Owen, R. Perrine, S. Sturtevant, F. Williamson.

The "R" men are: R. Brown, C. Canfield and M. Dolby.

Ypsi,	0	-	-	-	-	Wayne,	0
Ypsi,	56	-	-	-	-	Chelsea,	0
Ypsi,	39	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor, Reserves,	0
Ypsi,	12	-	-	-	-	Birmingham,	0
Ypsi,	6	-	-	-	-	Monroe,	3
Ypsi,	6	-	-	-	-	Eastern,	6
Ypsi,	0	-	-	-	-	Port Huron,	1
Ypsi,	6	-	-	-	-	Alumni,	13

Totals: Ypsi, 125

Opponents, 23



Baseball

DESIRING to equal the record of Ypsilanti high school on the gridiron and basketball floor, the baseball fans and players set out to make this year a memorable one on the diamond. The first call for candidates for positions brought out about twenty men. There was an abundance of material for all positions except the mound. Ypsi was notably weak in hurlers, and due to the lack of consistent twirling the first games of the season were not as successful as could be hoped. Coach Drake of basketball fame was secured to lead the baseball players and he has rounded the team into fine shape.

The first game, always a trial of new players, was lost by a fairly large margin. Every man out for practice was given a chance to show his worth. Bad weather, which prevented practice, was also responsible for the poor brand of ball displayed. The next two games were postponed on account of rain.

The fourth game on the schedule was the first real game of the year. Coach Drake had had a chance to work his players into their respective positions and they all performed up to the Y. H. S. standard. The game was close and hard fought, Ypsi emerging winner by one point. Mt. Clemens, the next on the schedule, though heralded as a hard team to defeat, went down before the onslaught of Drake's men.

Though beaten by Howell and Royal Oak on foreign fields, the team went to Wayne, trounced that aggregation and then defeated Northville in both games of a double-header. One game with Royal Oak is still to be played.



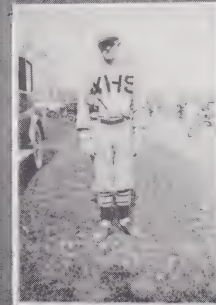
Baskethall

FOR the first time in three years Ypsi high arranged an inter-scholastic basketball schedule. More than twenty candidates responded to the call for material. Ronald Drake, of the State Normal, was engaged to coach the team, and every indication pointed to the fact that we would have a successful season. The school's faith in the team was not misplaced, as was evidenced by the fact that we won nine out of fourteen of our scheduled games.

Then came the state district tournament. This tournament was run by the process of elimination. The two teams remaining the longest were to be sent to the state tournament. The first night Ypsi high played Port Huron and defeated them 28 to 14. Next came Adrian, the team that completed their season without a defeat. They, too, fell before Ypsi's onslaught. This left only Lansing. Ypsi put up a wonderful fight, but was defeated 31 to 11. We were entitled to go to Ann Arbor to compete in the state championship but we again drew Lansing and were again defeated, this time 24 to 14.

Never before in the history of the school was so much "pep" and enthusiasm shown by the student body as was shown this year.

Six of the men who earned their "Y" in basketball will be back next year. There is no reason why Ypsi should not produce a champion team.



EDITORIAL





Editorial

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown—

ONCE more Ypsi high's annual goes to press. That it has many defects, that it is but a poor representation of the school in which it is written and an inadequate record of the school spirit that makes it possible, its editors are well aware. Yet they trust that in general it is a true account of the closing school year. It is in the hope that this volume may be a souvenir that will some time recall high school days to memory that the staff publishes the twenty-second Ypsi Dixit.

The publication of the Dixit marks the end of the school year. Some are graduating; some are leaving school before graduation; some are moving to other towns and other schools; many have not yet completed their career here. For some the eighteenth of June means the end of a year of triumphs and honors; for some a year of defeat.

To the faculty and school authorities the Dixit expresses the gratitude of the student body and especially of the graduating class for the innumerable opportunities afforded them. To the students of the Y. H. S., whether graduating or expecting to graduate in the future, whether leaving school or remaining, the Dixit has one message: Every one is under obligations to Y. H. S.; every one is in her debt. Let us all do something to repay it, something to enable her to offer greater opportunities to more students in the future. Let those leaving so do, that she will be proud to have their names on her rolls, proud to own them as sons and daughters; let those remaining do all in their power to increase the school spirit, live up to the school's standard of scholarship, realize the school's ideals.

Somebody Bumped (C)



STAFF PICTURE

Upsi-Sem-Dixit Staff

1919 - 1920

Editor-in-ChiefGuy Peppiatt, '20
Business ManagerDonald Ross, '20

EDITORIAL STAFF

Associate EditorRichard Ford, '20
Literary EditorCatherine Hutton, '20
Local EditorAlice Beal, '21
Associate Local EditorEsther Field, '21
Athletic EditorFred Williamson, '21
Joke and Exchange EditorIrene Sullivan, '20
Art EditorJennie Yost, '21

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Advertising ManagerKarl Zeisler, '22
Circulation ManagerArmina Converse, '20

PUBLICATIONS

A Student Newspaper Published by School Spirit

VOLUME 3 YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, JANUARY 14, 1939 NUMBER 2

SEASON OPENS SUCCESSFULLY

BASKETEERS AS VICTORS DEBATEURS OUT-TALK ARBOR IN FIN

GEO. BERANEK ELECTED CAPTAIN OF SIX LETTER MEN ARE BACK AND ARE OUT FOR THEIR RIVAL ON HAND FOR

WE A REAL FOOTBALL TEAM Tomorrow When Y. H. S. Plays Eastern: Everybody Out For the Game

THE WEEKLY YPSI-SEM

A Student Newspaper Published by School Spirit

VOLUME 3 YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 24, 1938 NUMBER 7

YPSI HIGH WALLOPS OLD RIVALS

To the Tune of 12 to 0 Saturday in a Hotly Contested Battle Coach Walpole's Team Snatches Victory from Birmingham. Ypsi Team Has Yet to be Scored on.

The Ypsilanti high school played its biggest home game on Saturday, October 24, 1938, when it defeated Birmingham, 12 to 0. The game was a hotly contested battle, with Coach Walpole's team snatching victory from Birmingham. The Ypsi team has yet to be scored on.

DEBATE TEAMS CHOSEN
FINAL DEBATE IN HEAD WORKS.
DAILY EVENING NEWS
NEW FROM

THE WEEKLY YPSI-SEM

A Student Newspaper Published by School Spirit

VOLUME 3 YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, APRIL 7, 1939 NUMBER 24

BASE BALL? YES!

What Have We Got? Let's Find Out By Seeing the Games

A FEW THINGS COME TO YOUR MIND WHEN YOU SEE THE SENIOR PLAY THE NEW PARTY. THE NEW PARTY. THE NEW PARTY.

THE WEEKLY YPSI-SEM

A Student Newspaper Published by School Spirit

VOLUME 3 YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 24, 1938 NUMBER 7

THE MAROON AND WHITE PUTS A CRIMP INTO THE DETROITERS

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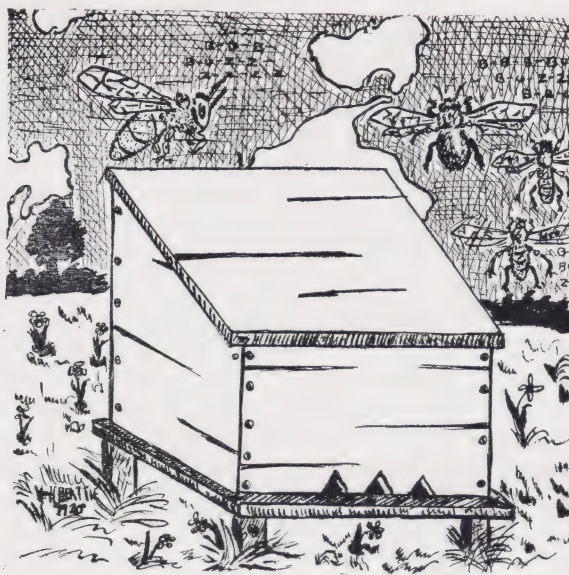
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THE MAROON AND WHITE PUTS A CRIMP INTO THE DETROITERS







USE-TO-BEES

D. Hubble—F. Elliott.
B. Weidman—S. K. Fidler.

M. Davis—Mutt Weidman
E. Ziegen—Don Ross.

HONEY BEES

H. Glass—F. Bergin.
A. Converse—G. Haggerty.

A. Reid—Bob Luscombe.
Gladys Smith—R. Perrine.

WOULD BEES

Merl Hutton—Any girl.

P. Clifford—(We don't dare).

Lyle Judd—N. Thomas (?)

NEVER-WILL BEES

Magician—E. West.
Sphinx—All freshies in general.
Sweet-young-thing—G. Beranek.
Slow—D. Hall.

Dangerous—J. Hammond.
Gossip—A. Guile.
Goliath—V. Crippen.
Peddler—M. Fidler.

LIKE-TA BEES

Theda Bara—C. Wilson.
Grand Opera Tooter—E. Mosher.
Bartender—P. Cairns.

Deacon—Scott S.
Chorus Girl—Rose Price.

King Bee—Mr. Piper.
Busy Bee—R. Leland.

Drone Bee—R. Strang.
Bumble Bee—F. Hopkins.

OFFICERS

Grand Mogul of the Hive—Mr. Erickson.
First National of the Honey—M. Robbins.
Official Penwiper of the Comb Records—Bob Brown.
Wise Wasp—R. Ford.

AUTO ACCESSORIES

(Parts necessary for the proper construction of a respectable gas cart of Y. H. S. manufacture):

Accelerator—H. Jefferson.	Cylinder—Anna Beach.
Brass—Junior fellows.	Differential—C. Hutton.
Carburator—W. Moore.	Exhaust—R. Wyckoff.
Clutch—M. Kirk.	Fan (movie)—Eva Lindsay.
Cut-out—L. Judd.	Gas—Supply your own candidate.
Horn—"Mickey."	Muffler—Any teacher in 221.
Jack—L. Olmsted.	Siren—M. Forbes.
Spark—I. Campbell.	Speedometer—W. Van Every.
Squeak—Girls in chorus.	Wood—Stanley Woods.

CHAPEL—Something so rare that mere words can not do it justice.

BOOKS—Miscellaneous periodicals necessary for the scholastic appearance of the inmates.

LUNCHROOM—The filling station.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS—Parking places for gum and foolish couples.

ELEVATOR—Something we wish we had. The only substitute being the dumb waiter, which was not built for speed, so could not be used by last minute people.

EXCUSES—Notable examples of forgery.

FRESHMEN—Small specimens of humanity usually found in droves.

JUNIORS—No reason known for existence of this species.

SENIORITIS—An incurable disease belonging to the genus Swellio-of-the-Cranium.

SOPHOMORES—Hard-working, long-winded, haphazardous personages.

CHAT BOX—Hall ornament, never meant for use.

X. Y. Z.—The last three letters in the alphabet.

"Dick!"

"Yes, dad."

"Can you carry a tune?"

"Certainly I can carry a tune, dad."

"Well, carry that one you're whistling out in the back yard and bury it."

Mr. Walpole: "Now, Bob, what plants flourish in excessive heat?"

Bob Perry: "Ice plants."

YPSI HIGH CENSUS

Vol. XIII

Name.	Ambition.	Admirer of	Favorite Expression.	Hobby.	Actions.
George Haggarty	Promoter	Armira	"Come seven—"	Armira	Smooth
Doris Hubble	Teacher of Business	Anything that looks like a good time	"Aw gee!"	Fellows	Flighty
Catherine Wilson	Instructor in Flirting	Any fellow	"N-o-o-w"	Cutie curls	Cute
Phyllis Clifford	"One"	"One"	"One"	"One"	Bashful!
Jo Warner	Methodist Minister	"Luxrite Lip Lotion"	"Now that wasn't a bit pretty"	Yodeling	Ditto flighty
Fern Emery	Senator of U. S.	Brains	(Her mother wouldn't want to know)	Debating	Happy-go-lucky
Nancy Thomas	To be Serious	"Lylie"	"I detest you—I hate you"	Arguing	Aggressive
Dorothy Olmstead	Movie Actress	Can't keep track of them	"What?"	History	Sociable
Dorothy Hall	Most Popular Girl in Y. H. S.	Curly hair	"Now, really!"	Staying up late to study	Vamping
Norman Topping	Living Kewpie	Vampires	"Cutie"	Looking like a collar ad.	Deceiving
Eva Lindsey	Secretary to the President of U. S.	Thin people	"Gee, I don't know"	Rushing	Independent



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as the word Sterling

on your Silverware



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* * * * *

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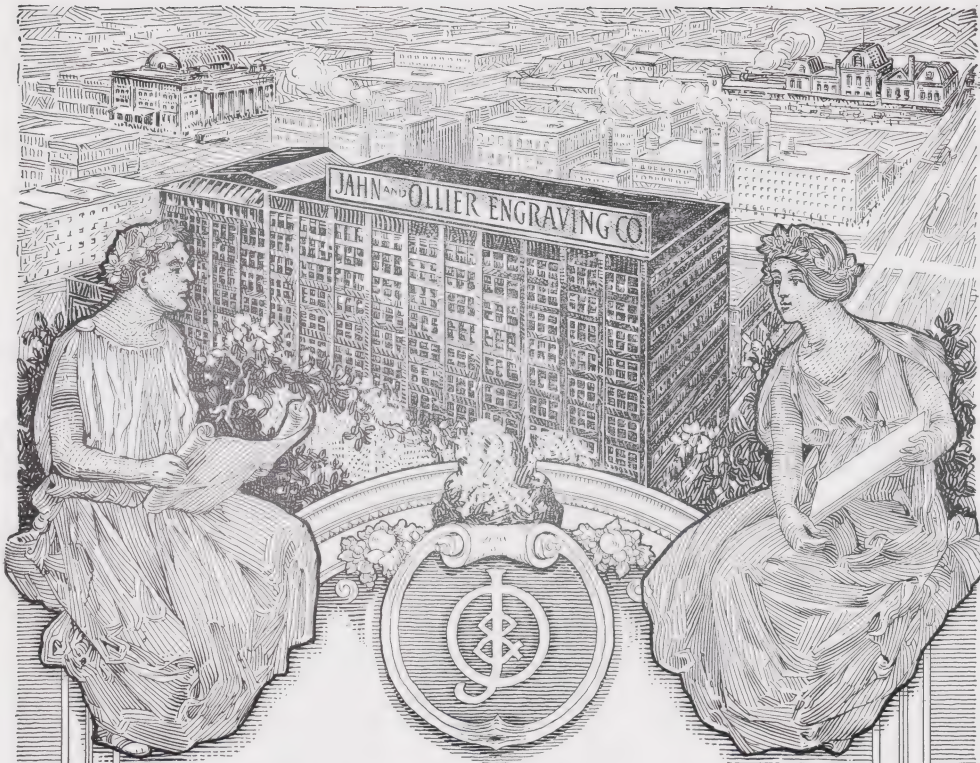


THE HOME OF GOOD

Photographs

Where Students leave
impressions that are
pleasing.

Miller



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Plant Making
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